THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE: SUNDAY, APRIL 23, 1871.

The Chicago Tribune.

VOL. 24. CHICAGO, SUNDAY, APRIL 23, 1871—WITH SUPPLEMENT. NO. 262.

BOARD WANTED.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED TO RENT.

HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

100 GOOD HEAVY WORK HORSES WANTED

$225, $250

INSTRUCTION.

HOUSEHOLD GOODS.

PARTNERS WANTED.

$500 I WISH TO INVEST THE ABOVE

$30,000 WILL PURCHASE HALF INTER-

LOST AND FOUND.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

PERSONAL.

CLAIRVOYANTS.

MACHINERY.

FINANCIAL.

SEWING MACHINES.

BANKING.

Jacob R. Shipherd & Co.,
BANKERS,
24 PINE-ST., NEW YORK.

Jacob R. Shipherd & Co.,
BANKERS,
155 & 157 LaSalle-st., Chicago.

Twenty-second-st. Bank
OF
JACOB R. SHIPHERD & CO.,
CHICAGO.

THE MECHANICS' SAVINGS BANK
OF THE CITY OF CHICAGO,
Marble Building, corner Wabash-av. and Twenty-second-st.
Capital - - - - $100,000

DIRECTORS:

Members of the Corporation:

FOR
FOREIGN EXCHANGE,
APPLY TO
HENRY GREENEBAUM & CO.,
BANKERS,
Corner Lake and LaSalle-sts.
Letters of Credit for Travellers issued, available throughout the world.

RIVERSIDE.

RIVERSIDE
TIME TABLE.

The improvements at Riverside COMPLETED, afford nine miles of roads, and seven miles of walks for the pleasure of the residents and visitors. For the better accommodation of the residents of Riverside, and those visiting it in quest of homes, or for pleasure, the following extraordinary accommodations are offered by the Railroad Company:

Excursion Tickets to Riverside and return, can be obtained at the Ticket Office of the Railroad Company, 63 South Clark-st., or at the Union Depot, foot of Lake-st.

Lots of 100 feet front by about 250 feet deep, are now selling, on easy terms, at $4,000, and WITHOUT ASSESSMENT OR TAX UPON PURCHASERS FOR THE IMPROVEMENTS.

Homes are obtainable at Riverside where the yearly occurrence of SPECIAL ASSESSMENTS IS UNKNOWN, A CONSIDERATION OF VITAL IMPORTANCE, WHICH HAS BECOME EXTREMELY ONEROUS IN EVERY OTHER LOCALITY IN THIS COUNTY.

DIRECTORY.

CHICAGO
Business
Directory.

TURALL, KNOWLES & CO.

RAND, McNALLY & CO.

DENTISTRY.

D. M. TOWNER,
DENTIST,
181 & 183 West Madison-st.,
VITALIZED AIR
GIVEN IN EXTRACTING TEETH.
NO PAIN. NO DANGER.
Extracting Teeth, each, - - - 50c
Artificial Teeth, very best, $20 to $25
Cheaper Sets, - - - $10 to $15
Solid Gold Fillings, - - - $2 to $4
Silver Fillings, - - - $1 to $3

FINANCIAL.

SEVEN PER CENT
TWENTY-YEAR
WEST CHICAGO BOND.

$90,000,000
And 150,000 Inhabitants.

GREENEBAUM, BROTHERS & CO.,
Bankers, 216 Broadway, N. Y.
HENRY GREENEBAUM & CO.,
Bankers, Chicago.

$50,000
TO LOAN.

C. D. ALDERSON & CO.

MONEY TO LOAN

MONEY TO LOAN.

ORGANS AND PIANOS.

PIANOS
Both New & Second-hand,
FOR RENT,
AT MODERATE PRICES.
LYON & HEALY, 150 Clark-st.
ORGANS

STOVES.

STEWART'S NEW IMPROVED
COOKING STOVE,
With dumping and shaking grate, large flues and oven.
House and Kitchen Furniture in great variety & low prices at
DALTON & CO.'S,
71 LAKE-ST.

Golden Stove,

PROFESSIONAL.

NORMAN P. EDDY, M. D.,

LADIES' UNDERWEAR.

I AM OFFERING
THE
BEST
AND
CHEAPEST LINE
OF
LADIES' COTTON
UNDERWEAR
In this City.
W. F. STICKNEY,
174 State-st.
Goods at Wholesale.

SEWING MACHINES.

NOW IS THE TIME
TO GET ANY
FIRST-CLASS
SEWING MACHINE
On Monthly Instalments
OF
Work or Cash,
AT
174 State-st.

PRINTING.

C. J. BURROUGHS,
Steam Printer
145 Madison-st.,
Basement, Open Board Building.

SHIRTS.

HEAD QUARTERS
FOR
SHIRTS,
TOMLINSON, 80 STATE-STREET.

WOOD CARPETING.

WOOD CARPETING,
MARQUETRY, FLOORING AND WAINSCOTING,
20 WASHINGTON STREET.

KITCHEN GOODS.

The Best Assortment of
COOKING STOVES,
Refrigerators, Ice Boxes,
AND
General House Furnishing Goods in the City, at Lowest Cash Prices.
McLEAN & COLLINS, 56 State-st.

TOILETINE.

FIFTY CENTS

SCALES.



FAIRBANKS'
STANDARD
SCALES
FAIRBANKS, GREENLEAF & Co.
127 & 129 State St., CHICAGO.

INFANTS' WEAR.

FURNISHING GOODS!

IF YOU
LOVE
YOUR BABIES,
Don't neglect to look at the large stock of novelties in Babies' and Infants' Wear, just received at the Millinery and Ladies' Furnishing Goods Store of
HYMAN & NATHAN,
119 LAKE-ST.

FLOUR.

FLOUR
AT RETAIL.
IONIC MILLS,
Cor. N. Dearborn and Michigan-sts.
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST LINE
OF
Family Flours
In the City.

Table No. 1 Board of Trade.

Family Flour!
AT RETAIL.
Try our ZEPHYR brand, from PURE WHITE WINTER WHEAT, at NINE DOLLARS per barrel, FREE OF CARTAGE, to any part of the city. Red Winter and Spring Wheat Flour at current rates. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.
DATER, WHALING & CO.,
State Mills, cor. Market and Quincy-sts.

FLOUR.

NORTON & CO.,

BILLIARDS.

REOPENING
OF THE
STANDARD
Billiard Hall
185 WEST VAN BUREN-ST.,
MONDAY EVENING.

CIGARS.

The Latest Brand
SCHWEIZER'S "JOHN HANCOCK,"

FURNITURE.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.
WM. W. STRONG, 263 Randolph-st.,
SELLING AT COST FOR 60 DAYS.

PARLOR SUITS, at Cost,
SIDE BOARDS, at Cost,
HALL TREES, at Cost,
CHAMBER SUITS, at Cost,
EXTENSION TABLES, at Cost,
300 DOZEN CHAIRS, at Cost,

Parties not Wishing their Goods Delivered at Present, will be Given Storage FREE OF CHARGE.

FURNITURE.

FURNITURE.
GILBERT & SAMPSON
CHAMBER SUITS,
PARLOR SUITS,
FURNITURE,
DAVIS REFRIGERATOR,
GILBERT & SAMPSON,
Furniture Dealers and Manufacturers,
113 and 115 State-st.

FURNITURE
AND
BEDDING.
J. H. PIKE'S,
85 Randolph-st.,
Is the best and cheapest place to buy, or get your repairing done.

FASHIONABLE
FURNITURE,
Wm. W. Strong,
263 Randolph-st.

REAL ESTATE.

LAKE SHORE!

D. W. STORRS, Real Estate Agent, No. 97 Clark-st., Room 3.

A CHANCE FOR
INVESTMENT.

A Bargain.

RIVERSIDE.

DISSOLUTION NOTICES.

DISSOLUTION.

NOTICE.

COPARTNERSHIP.

DISSOLUTION.

COPARTNERSHIP.

DISSOLUTION.

DISSOLUTION.

DISSOLUTION.

SAFES.

NOTICE.

FOR SALE.

Evergreen Trees.

FOR SALE.

TAILORS' SHEARS.

WIRE WINDOW SCREENS,
WIRE GOODS OF ALL KINDS,
At JOHN MATTHEWS', No. 145 Lake street.

"REVOLVERS."

JAPANESE GOODS.

GENERAL NOTICES.

Information
WANTED.

PROTECTION
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
Michigan, Ohio, and Canada papers please copy.

TIME OF OPENING
THE
St. Mary's Falls Ship Canal.

OLD BOOKS.

Notice to Master Mechanics.

A. P. A.

Ladies' Fashion

NORTH SIDE BOARD.

NOTICE.

IF THOMAS R. SHEPARD

North Chicago City Railway Co.

ST. GEORGE.

NOTICE.

OPIUM HABIT CURED.

TO RENT.

TO TRUNK MAKERS
OR
Furniture Dealers.
A splendidly lighted, ventilated and finished corner Basement, about 50 by 80 feet, to rent very cheap, in new Stone Front Building on N. E. corner of North Clark and Superior-sts. First-rate location for a Trunk Store, as there is only one Trunk Dealer on North Clark-st. Equally desirable for a Furniture Store, or any other respectable business. Apply to
KRAUER BROTHERS,
Uhlich's Block, North Clark-st.

NEW HOTEL, MADISON, WIS.,
TO RENT.

TO RENT.
From May 1, the large Hall, No. 178 Wabash-av., size 40x150 ft., next building south of the Match Dome, now occupied by Pennoyer & Co's Original Novelty Carriage Works. Apply to BROWN BROTHERS, 236 Monroe-st.

To Rent,

Very Fine Offices
TO RENT AT A
GREAT BARGAIN.

TO RENT.

STORE TO RENT
CHEAP, first floor, 88 Randolph-st. One of the best locations in the city.

TO RENT.

TO RENT.

TO RENT.

TO RENT.

TO RENT.

TO RENT.

STORE 44 STATE-ST.

TO RENT.

TO RENT.

TO RENT.

BUSINESS CARDS.

SAMUEL HARRIS

The Chicago Tribune.

SUNDAY, APRIL 23, 1871.

THE POPULATION OF CHICAGO.

The official census of the city of Chicago reports 298,977 persons as residing within its limits on the first day of June, 1870, of whom 154,139 were American born, and 144,838 foreign born, showing that nearly one half of the population of Chicago are foreigners. Both of these shall credit the American born minor children of foreign parents to the race of the latter, the foreign population would exhibit a very large majority. As a generation of adults would also exhibit a large foreign preponderance. Omitting the population of Chicago are under 20 and one-half over 20 years of age. Of the 185,000 souls under 20 years, more than 100,000 are native born; while of the 100,000 over 20 years, but 55,000 are foreign born, showing still more than 55,000 adult natives. The males over 20 years of age number 80,000, against 73,000 females. Of the adult males, 61 per cent are foreigners and 36 per cent natives. Notwithstanding this large preponderance of the adult foreign population of naturalized, over native voters is not equally great, for the reason that it requires a five-years' residence in the United States before an alien can become a citizen, and many aliens neglect to be naturalized for a longer or shorter period after they are qualified to their certificate of citizenship—indeed, quite a number never take out their papers.

The voting population of Chicago numbers fully 50,000, of which at least 22,000 are native, and 28,000 foreign born. If the advocates of prohibitory liquor laws, and coercive Sunday observances, will study these figures, they will discover the case of the difficulties that are encountered in attempting to impose their views on the rest of the community. Legal ways-up-hill work when the minority undertake to subject the majority to its will. It was supposed by many persons that the Irish element outnumbered the German in Chicago, but the census returns proves to the contrary. The number of German born people is 54,816, while the Irish born are 50,238. The English and Scotch together outnumbered 14,221. The Scandinavians, Swedes, Norwegians, and minor nationalities numbered 12,770, or negroes; and, lastly, the British. The Dominion turns out to be of whom 720 are popularly supposed. The negro population, 3,691, of whom about 950 are of the native born, the remainder born in Illinois, and 10 per cent. Of States of New York. No other State furnished one-quarter so large an addition to our population as New York. All New England only contributed 13,717, while New York sent 20,981 persons. From France there are only 1,417, while of French Canadians and Belgians, there are probably 5,000 persons in Chicago of the French race.

Chicago is truly a cosmopolitan city. Every State and Territory in the Union is represented. Every nation in Europe, including Greece and Turkey, has its representative here, and some of them in numerous numbers. Every province of British America, West Indies, East Indies, Central and South America, Mexico, China, Africa, Asia, Australia, Pacific Islands, Sandwich Islands, New Zealand, the Isle of Malta, and the Isle of Man, as well as Iceland, and even old ocean are all represented in this conglomerate city. In Chicago almost every language under the sun is spoken, and every religion has its believers, and every race its equal rights.

CITY ROADWAYS.

The number of streets and avenues in this city, desirable as they are with a good excellence of roadways as to make them easy of travel, are not so many that we have any to spare. While the first consideration is due to those thoroughfares which are exclusively, or almost exclusively, devoted to business purposes, the condition of the streets and avenues which are used for residences and are sought mainly for drives of pleasure, are not, as they ought not to be, altogether forgotten. If a merchant must make a choice between a good roadway for his private carriage, or one for his dray, he would unhesitatingly give a preference to his goods over himself—would consult his interests first and his pleasure afterward. But he would prefer not to be compelled to make a choice at all, and, as he is morally taxed for good pavements, he believes that his one consideration should be equally cancelled in easy travel for his goods and pleasant travel for himself. In this demand there is nothing unreasonable. The amount expended on the streets of this city in making, repairing, sprinkling, and watering is enormous, and is quite enough for the purpose. It is raised by tax upon the people, and the people have the right to demand that it should be judiciously as well as efficiently expended. Public highways are one of the greatest evidences of civilization, and their condition is an unmistakable test of the point to which civilization has reached. The best country roads in the world are in England; the best city streets are in Paris. In France the highest degree of civilization is concentrated in Paris; in England it is more diffused over the whole kingdom. A similar distinction is observable in our own country. The roads are uniformly good throughout Massachusetts, and nobody, we suppose, will deny that, taken as a whole, there is not a more civilized, better educated, and intelligent community on the globe than that of this State. But New York, as the commercial capital of the country, as the largest, most wealthy, and most luxurious municipality thus carried, in the Central Park, road-making to perfection, and, if her streets are not what they should be, as they certainly are not, it is not because the people do not pay enough for them and do not wish that they should be equal to the roads of the park, but simply because her government is a government of thieves, who stated exemptions they can lay their hands on. Now, if we apply this test of civilization to our own city—we mean of road-making, not of dwelling—we shall find that we have not much to boast of. A "boulevard" with our sidewalks are only worthy of barnyards, where a pathway of planks is laid to keep the feet above the compost heap, and for the inequalities of grade we can estimate an annual average of broken legs and arms. Whatever may be the reason for it, this may have been, it certainly exists no longer, and a remedy could soon be found if the proper authorities had an idea about the matter more intelligent than a Ute Indian gets from a buffalo trail on the plains. We should display, instead, of a city which quietly submitted to the inconvenience and disgrace of such sidewalks as its three hundred thousand people are content to travel over daily without a murmur, were it not that in its road-ways there were here and there some evidence of a conviction that a city such as should be something better than a cow-path, and some attempts to achieve a higher civilization. We have streets—not many, we are sorry to say—that are all they could be, and, in short, that might be so with a little more knowledge and a little more care. The new park-ways—or boulevards, as they are absurdly and incorrectly called, as if its name were bought at the "Dollar Store," 75 Clark street—are a promise of something to come, which, perhaps, may create a demand for streets as they should be which cannot be resisted. So also we are extending the wooden pavements, and a street so paved—will a sidewalk fit for a civilized Christian to walk on—is one of which we may be proud. But no matter how well a street may be originally paved, it is now only a delusion and a snare if we don't know how to take care of it when made. That we do not, we will not, anybody may see who will observe the

THE WORLD OF AMUSEMENT.

"Next."

The Battle of the Barbers.

Cheek.

And Some Tonsorial Reflections.

Lotus.

A Plea for Its Use.

CHICAGO, April 22.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

I have always had a genuine respect for a barber.

I respect compounded with awe and admiration.

Not particularly because he can put on edge on a razor, which I can't do, the submitter mentally leaving a razor with the edge of a mosquito ear; not because he knows the maker of a cake of soap with his eyes shut, though I have no other way of telling the difference between a bottle of bay rum and not because he has numbered every hair in your head. For none of these things. These are of the earth, earthy.

But because he occupies a social position and enjoys an intimate relation with humanity which gives him prerogatives and a physique that no other man in this world can lay claim to. For instance, you would not allow even the Czar of all the Russias to take you by the nose. You would resent it in public or private, and, if you belonged to the imperial Czar of all the Russias, you would promptly go for him, independent of any disparity of station, and apply your fist to his nose, and he would not like the Czar of all the Russias both pill about the better or take it. He would resent more than that, he would treat it more than that, to pull it, and pull it to kill, more than that, to pull it to kill, more than that, to pull it to kill, more than that, to

FURNITURE.

MAY-DAY OPENING!

FURNITURE! FURNITURE! FURNITURE!

HALE & BRO.,
12, 14 and 16 CANAL-ST.,
Between Lake and Randolph,
...ers of, and Dealers in, Furniture, offer ... competition.

...SOLD!

...on the West ... customers ... kind, we say ... the Wise is

...nal-st.

...TINGS ...GALLERY, ...PAINTINGS.

...URE!

...CO., ...ST., ...URE,

...ges. ...ons. ...Apples. ...rries. ...WEBBER, ...TER-ST.

...HALL, ...Tailors, ...RN-ST.

...us' Sons

...ERS 1840. ...ST.

...Illinois Street.

...STYLES ...OND ...ES, ...OND

...TO RENT. HOTEL,

...NCE.

...ER.

...NS!

...RAPERIES, ...ORNICES, &c.

...iquors ...ST.

...T BOAT ...erior.

LAUNDRY.
WEST SIDE LAUNDRY,
107 West Randolph-st.
A. P. DOREMUS, Proprietor.

MUNGER'S OPERA HOUSE
LAUNDRY
Court-place, rear of Opera House.

WANTED
Tenant Wanted

PARTNER WANTED.

WANTED.

...PAPER.

WANTED.

THE SPORTING WORLD.

First Game of the White Stockings at St. Louis.

...Contests on Yesterday—Some Sensible Suggestions.

...Important Announcement Concerning the Match for the Billiard Championship.

Base Ball.

WHITE STOCKINGS VS. ATLANTICS.

ST. LOUIS, April 22.—The White Stockings ...

PAXERS VS. POST OFFICE CLERKS.

PRAIRIES VS. STOCK YARDS.

SATURDAY'S GAMES.

OLYMPICS VS. NATIONALS.

Billiards.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP GAME.

"R. KIRKMAN,
"H. DOTY, } Committee.
"T. Z. COWLES,

CHICAGO, April 22, 1871.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Aquatic.

A CITY ENTERPRISE.

The Turf.

HOTEL PERSONALS.

A Palace of Dentistry.

Novel Invention for Housekeepers—A Perfect and Indestructible Pillow.

Facts in the Chicago Furniture Trade.

Billy's Branch.

Fresh Importations.

Standard Goods at Low Prices.

The Rising City of the West.

W. H. FRANCIS,
San Diego Land Agency, 116 LaSalle street.

Jewelry.

Standard Billiard Hall.

Elegant Italian Statuary.

Great Sale of Property.

No Place Like It.

Commendable.

REAL ESTATE.

The Location of the Mercantile Library.

New Horse Car Routes.

Paving the Avenues and Other Improvements—Important Sales.

NEW HORSE CAR ROUTES.

WEST WASHINGTON STREET.

IMPORTANT TRANSACTIONS OF THE WEEK.

NORTH OF CITY LIMITS.

SOUTH OF CITY LIMITS.

WEST OF OLD CITY LIMITS.

POLICE COURTS.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Pastors' Announcements of Services To-Day.

EPISCOPAL.

Calvary Church, Warren avenue. Rev. A. W. Snyder will conduct the services, morning and evening.

CONGREGATIONAL.

PRESBYTERIAN.

BAPTIST.

METHODIST.

UNITARIAN.

UNIVERSALIST.

NEW JERUSALEM.

MISCELLANEOUS.

War Department Meteorological Bulletin.

CHICAGO, April 22—11 p. m.—The following is the daily meteorological bulletin of the War Department for the benefit of commerce:

SYNOPSIS FOR THE PAST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

WASHINGTON, April 22.—...

PROBABILITIES.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Office of Chicago Industrial College and Home, ...

Milwaukee Gift Concert. ...

MONETARY AND COMMERCIAL.

MONETARY.

SATURDAY EVENING, April 22.

SOLD IN NEW YORK.

SECURITIES IN LONDON.

LATEST.

COMMERCIAL.

SATURDAY EVENING, April 22.

The following table shows the receipts and shipments of produce at this point during the past twenty-four hours:

LATER.

CHICAGO LIVE STOCK MARKET.

For the Week Ending April 22.

SATURDAY EVENING, April 22.

BEEF CATTLE.

LIVE STOCK FREIGHTS.

THE MARKET.

HOGS.

SHEEP.

MARKETS BY TELEGRAPH.

Foreign Markets.

FINANCIAL.

COMMERCIAL.

The Produce Markets.

NEW YORK.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

Vessels Passed Detroit.

REAL ESTATE.

Building Lots
FOR SALE
At the Low Price of $225, $250 and $300 each.

On the following easy terms:

Located between Milwaukee-av. and Northwestern Railroad.

JAMES ALLEN.

TIME-TABLE.

Arrival and Departure of Trains.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & QUINCY RAILROAD.

MICH. CENTRAL AND GREAT WESTERN RY.

CHICAGO, ALTON & ST. LOUIS RAILROAD.

CHICAGO, DANVILLE & VINCENNES RAILROAD.

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILROAD.

PITTSBURGH, CINCINNATI & ST. LOUIS RAILROAD.

CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY.

AMUSEMENTS.

HOOLEY'S
THE BEST PERFORMANCE
Ever Witnessed!
THE CLIMAX
OF
Originality, Versatility & Novelty!

CINDERELLA.
Three New STARS THIS WEEK! READ THE BILL. Filled with THE GREATEST and most Astonishing Attractions!
A Bill of Novelties! THE GREAT JESTER! The Man with the Talking hand. Sergt. Burke, FRANK STEELE. Bell-Ringers.
SCENES OF
Dazzling Magnificence

THE GREAT
EUROPEAN CIRCUS
ONE WEEK LONGER!
Monday, April 24,
Change of Location
TO
LAKE PARK,
LAKE PARK,
FOOT OF RANDOLPH-ST.
FOOT OF RANDOLPH-ST.
Under their
New and Mammoth Pavilion,
AND POSITIVELY
The Last Week
Previous to their departure on their summer tour, during which they will visit all the principal towns and cities in Wisconsin, Illinois and Iowa, due announcements of which will be made hereafter.
Two Grand Street Pageants!
MONDAY, April 24, and THURSDAY, April 27.

CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE.
FOR A SEASON OF
TWO WEEKS ONLY,
COMMENCING
Monday Evening, May 1, 1871.
THE WORLD-RENOWNED
RAVEL-MARTINETTI
Pantomime Troupe,
ORIGINAL RAVEL TROUPE,
PANTOMIMES,
The only property of this GREAT COMBINATION.

FARWELL HALL.
THEO.
THOMAS'
THE LAST GRAND CONCERTS
WILL TAKE PLACE ON
Wednesday Evening, April 26,
A GRAND EXTRA MATINEE ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON, April 29.
MISS ANNA MEHLIG,

AIKEN'S MUSEUM.
FRANK E. AIKEN .... Proprietor and Manager.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
The Distinguished Comedian
JOHN E. OWENS,
In his great specialty of
SOLON SHINGLE.
MARRIED LIFE.
SATURDAY, OWENS MATINEE.

GLOBE THEATRE.
MISS EVA BRENT,

AIKEN'S MUSEUM.
A HAPPY PAIR.
JACK SHEPPARD,
3 Jack Sheppards! 3 Blueskins!

DEARBORN THEATRE.
MANNING'S MINSTRELS
THE CENTURY PLANT.
THAT'S MY SISTER.
A-LAD-IN.

ST. GEORGE'S DAY, 1871.
A GRAND CHORAL SERVICE
GEORGE C. STREET, Chaplain.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

PROPOSALS.
Proposals for Dredging.

AUCTION SALES.
By G. P. GORE & CO.
WILL OFFER
On Tuesday, April 25, at 9 1-2 a. m.
BY CATALOGUE,
Prints, Ginghams,
Lawns, Plain and Fancy Cassimeres, Tweeds, Jeans, Satinetts, Hosiery, Suspenders, Gents' and Ladies' Palm Leaf, Straw and Leghorn Hats, and an elegant line of Edgings, Insertions, Handkerchiefs, &c.
On Wednesday, April 26
Men's, Boy's and Youths', Women's, Misses, and Children's
BOOTS, SHOES
AND SLIPPERS.
Samples large and always sold and freely duplicated. Catalogues Tuesday.
REGULAR SATURDAY SALE.
FURNITURE
HOUSEHOLD GOODS.
Carpets, Crockery, &c.,
Saturday, April 29, at 9 1-2 a. m.

By W. A. BUTTERS & CO.
ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE
OF VALUABLE
PROPERTY
TO CLOSE THE
Estate of the late Wm. H. Brown,
AT AUCTION,
On Monday, April 24, at 11 o'clock,
Five Stores and Dwellings.
Two Stores.
Brick Stores.
Corner North Clark and Indiana-st.
Stores and Dwelling.
WM. A. BUTTERS & CO., Auctioneers.

BOOTS & SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
AT AUCTION,
On Tuesday, April 25, at 9 1-2 o'clk,

50 CRATES CROCKERY GLASS AND CHINA WARE.
Cigars, Wines, Liquors, Hardware, Table Cutlery,
25 cases School Slates,
AT AUCTION,

SALOON AND FIXTURES,
NO. 70 RANDOLPH-ST.,

DRY GOODS,
Ready-made Clothing, Cloths, Cassimeres, Jeans, Linen Goods, Alpacas, Japanese Robes, Yankee Notions, etc.,

NO. 101 PARK-AV.
GENTEEL FURNITURE,
Piano Forte, Melodeon, &c.,
AT AUCTION,
On Thursday, April 27, at 10 a. m.

NO. 80 CENTRE-AV.
Handsome Furniture,
PIANOFORTE, &c.,
AT AUCTION.
WM. A. BUTTERS & CO., Auct'rs.

IMMENSE SALE
OF
HOUSEHOLD GOODS
AT AUCTION.
Saturday, April 30.
Over 100 persons will contribute to this mammoth sale.
SEND YOUR GOODS EARLY.
WM. A. BUTTERS & CO., Auctioneers.

NO. 1363 WABASH-AV.
GENTEEL FURNITURE, &C.
AT AUCTION,
On Saturday, April 30, at 10 o'clock,

By R. T. LEE.

MEDICAL CARDS.
Dr. Bigelow,
Dr. Townsend,
Dr. A. G. Olin,

AUCTION SALES.
THAYER, CURRY & CO.,
AUCTIONEERS,
Real Estate and Loan Brokers,
137 Dearborn-st., Tribune Building.
By THAYER, CURRY & CO.
AUCTION SALE
OF
Improved and Unimproved
Real Estate,
BY
THAYER, CURRY & CO.
Auctioneers.

By REED, FLERSHEIM & CO.
EXTRA SALE OF FINE
Furniture,
CONSISTING OF ELEGANT
Chamber and Parlor Sets, Marble-Top Tables, Sofas, etc., etc.,
ON TUESDAY, APRIL 25, AT 9:30 A. M.,
REED, FLERSHEIM & CO., Auctioneers.

REGULAR WEEKLY SALE
BY CATALOGUE,
DRY GOODS
Cloths, Cassimeres, Jeans, Poplins, Dress Goods, Shirts, Hosiery, Notions; also, a full line of Linen Hdkfs., Towels, Napkins, and Cloths,
On Thursday, April 27,
At 9 1-2 a. m., at our salesroom, 23 and 25 Dearborn-st.
REED, FLERSHEIM & CO.,
AUCTIONEERS.

REGULAR SATURDAY'S SALE
Of New and Second-hand
FURNITURE!
Mattresses, Pianos, etc.; also, 50 cases of fine Bohemian Glassware, consisting of Toilet Sets, Vases, Parians, etc., etc.
ON SATURDAY, APRIL 29,
At 9 1-2 a. m., at our Salesroom, 23 and 25 Randolph-st.
REED, FLERSHEIM & CO., AUCTIONEERS.

By COLBY & WIRTS.
ELEGANT COLLECTION
OF
ITALIAN STATUARY,
AT AUCTION,
SIG. L. TOPI.

42 SOUTH PEORIA-ST
Monday morning, at 10 o'clock, April 24, the entire household goods belonging to a family breaking up housekeeping, consisting of Parlor and Chamber Sets, Carpets, Dining and Kitchen Furniture, Stoves, Bedding, &c.
COLBY & WIRTS
Auctioneers.

323 SUPERIOR-ST.
COLBY & WIRTS, Auctioneers.

By HENRY FELTMAN & CO.,
CONTINUATION SALE,
To-Morrow, Monday, April 24,
OF THE
Entire Furniture Contained in Store No. 178 North Clark-st.

By HENRY FELTMAN & CO.,
By HENRY FELTMAN & CO.,
By HENRY FELTMAN & CO.,
Genteel Household Furniture
By HENRY FELTMAN & CO.,
By HENRY FELTMAN & CO.,

PROPERTY
TO BE SOLD
AT AUCTION,
ON
Monday, April 24, 1871, at 12 M.

Pawnbroker's Sale.

AT AUCTION.

CITY REAL ESTATE.

[illegible]

CITY REAL ESTATE.

[illegible]

CITY REAL ESTATE.

[illegible]

SUBURBAN REAL ESTATE.

[illegible]

COUNTRY REAL ESTATE.

[illegible]

AGENTS WANTED.

[illegible]

TO RENT—HOUSES.

[illegible]

TO RENT—HOUSES.

[illegible]

TO RENT—ROOMS.

[illegible]

TO RENT—STORES, OFFICES, &c.

[illegible]

HELP WANTED—MALE.

[illegible]

REAL ESTATE WANTED.

[illegible]

$500 TO $600 LOT WANTED—WILL SUPPLY [illegible]

160 ACRES OF IOWA LANDS WANTED— [illegible]

FOR SALE.

[illegible]

HELP WANTED—FEMALE.

[illegible]

TO LEASE.

[illegible]

SITUATIONS WANTED—MALE.

[illegible]

SITUATIONS WANTED—FEMALE.

[illegible]

TO RENT—ROOMS.

[illegible]

NEW YORK.

[illegible]al Row in Grace Church.

[illegible] Novelties—Costumes from Worth, Pingat, and La Ferniere.

[illegible]'s Record—A Celebration by Spiritualists—Entertainments—Flowers.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

NEW YORK, April 19.

A MUSICAL ROW IN GRACE CHURCH.

[illegible] creme de la creme of churches, the [illegible] that has been immortalized by having [illegible] for its sexton, has had a big musical [illegible], Grace Church is to lose the services of Mrs. Bodestein, who for twenty [illegible] years has been the soprano of the quartette choir, as well as having had the entire [management] of the music. It has been [known] for some time that Dr. Potter, the rector, [was] much dissatisfied; but the devotion [of the] congregation to Mrs. Bodestein was so [great th]at any movement toward a change was [opposed] by the friends of that lady most vig[orously]. There is no doubt about her [ex]quisite musical taste, and she has had a lovely [voice,] but it has grown old, and, unlike wine, [voices] after a certain period, do not improve.

On a recent Sunday afternoon [after] service, Mrs. Bodestein went into the [vestry] room to see Dr. Potter, and consult [h]im about the Easter music, when, per[haps] the musical sounds left upon his ear [by] the service just closed had not passed [away,] for he has much taste and loves good [music.] He took opportunity, and in rather an [abrupt] manner for one just having laid aside [his sac]red robes, to say that the Christmas [music] was a disgrace to the church; that the [choir] was indolent and did not practice; he [was tir]ed of it. The lady said, "Good after[noon,] Dr. Potter." He opened the door for [her to] pass out, and, before she had gotten [two st]eps from the door, slammed it and [turned] the key. Mrs. Bodestein, the [followin]g day, sent in her resignation to the Musical Committee; and so [Dr.] Potter has at last succeeded [in getting] what he has long desired getting; the [choir] under his control, by getting rid of the [soprano]. The means taken I think rather ques[tionable] for a minister of the Gospel. It is [the occ]asion of much comment and gossip, [not only among the congr]egation of Grace, [but outside]. Brown, the portly sex[ton, is] trembling a little in his shoes, for he [knows] Dr. Potter does not thoroughly approve [of him,] and, after such a coup d'etat as that [in whic]h the rector relieved himself of Mrs. [Bodeste]in, Brown does not know what may be [in stor]e for him. It is wonderful that any[thing] so divine as good music should [be] the occasion of so much dis[cord] in the church, as well as the [world]. The troubles in choirs usually arise [from] the appointment of mason musical com[mittees,] simply because they occupy positions [of infl]uence in the church. Oftentimes they [do not] know "Rock of Ages" from "Welcome, [sweet] day of rest." Such men, without the [least] musical taste or ear for music, are [those] who almost always compose the musical [commi]ttees of all our city churches.

OBSERVANCE OF GOOD FRIDAY.

[Th]e only place of amusement that closed its [doors] on Good Friday was the Bryant Minstrel [Opera] House; and this was made noticeable [by] the fact that religious festivals and fasts [are] seldom observed in this country. In [Catho]lic countries all places of amusement [are c]losed on Good Friday; but that one [shou]ld be here, is an innovation that may lead [to gr]eater results. I remember being told of [a c]elebrated cantatrice arriving in this [countr]y during Lent, who, when [she] found there were to be per[form]ances in Passion Week, asked if it [was] a Christian country.

PARISIAN NOVELTIES.

[An] energetic modiste, who left this country [in Jan]uary, in search of novelties, has just [return]ed, and she has really brought some [Paris]ian novelties. She got into Paris the [day a]fter the Prussians left. Her first visit [was to] Worth, to whom she paid 7,000 francs, [she was] indebted to him that amount; and he [said] it was the first money he had re[ceive]d since the war. She ordered some [dress]es from him, some from Pingat, and [some] from La Ferniere. The styles are much [more] simple, with less panier, and the small [cape], with the square sailor collar, called [the "]Garde Mobile." Of one of the long [dress]es, the skirt was a black and white [stripe]d silk, the stripes about an [inch] and a half wide; a simple [f]lounce at the bottom. The over[skirt] was cut all in one, waist and skirt, [and w]as light blue drap de soie, trimmed with [blac]k and white Cluny lace, made in stripes [to mat]ch the underskirt. A large black velvet [bow o]n the left hip, and black velvet bows [on th]e sleeves, which were flowing. A black [gren]adine barege, with a satin stripe, was a [thir]d costume, and had on the bottom of the [skirt] a straight plaiting of the material; then [a] [illegible] flounce about six inches wide, edged [with] thread lace, and, as a finish to the lace, [a] [illegible] fold, about an inch wide, of black [crêpe] de Chine. There were two standing [illegible] plaited; and then a broader fold of [crêpe] de Chine, with very peculiarly-made [illegible] at certain distances, going all round the [skirt]. The upper skirt was very simple, [with] a scarf shaped mantilla, to be worn [with] it. The styles, by next fall, are going to [be en]tirely changed; there are premonitory [sym]ptoms; so the fewer clothes made at [prese]nt, the less altering there will have to [be do]ne. There was a black silk paletot, per[fectly] plain back, plaited in at the waist with [fring]e and ornaments. The front was loose [and] simple, there being no looping of any [kind] back or front; and it had the "Garde [Mobi]le" cape. France has suffered so much, [it is] marvellous how the people have had the [coura]ge to design anything.

[Ou]r modiste brought some new and beau[tiful] evening dresses, on an order for a bridal [tro]usseau. One was a white silk, [made] by Worth, trimmed with Span[ish] blonde and tulle, caught up with [illegible] and bouquets of the chestnut-tree [blosso]m and leaves; it was exquisite, indeed. [Anoth]er, also of Worth's, was a white muslin [illegible] with five narrow ruffles of plaited mus[lin, ed]ged with Valenciennes lace, and at the [top a] band of bias black velvet three inches [wide;] the overskirt was buff silk trimmed [with] the muslin and lace, and bunches of wild [flowers], wood, anemone, and bows of black vel[vet]. The corsage was made with Grecian [folds] of tulle and silk, and also trimmed with [fl]owers and velvet. It had points at the waist. [Anot]her evening dress, made by Pingat, was [of ligh]t blue silk, trimmed with black velvet and [Vale]nciennes lace. It was stylish, but did not [comp]are with the other two dresses. The [handso]mest dress from La Ferniere was a [silk of] the new shade of mignonette, which is [indesc]ribable, being neither green nor yellow, [and w]as trimmed with Valenciennes lace.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.

[There] was shown, among other things, a very [beaut]iful white morning-dress, which I was [assu]red was made for the Empress Eugenie, [and] which will be sold only to some very dis[tingu]ished person who is willing to pay $125 [for i]t. Alas, poor Empress! how the French [pape]rs are ransacking all the official records [of] the secret police of Paris, to find out all [her ant]ecedents. The record says: "Since [the 1s]t of April, 1848, the third-floor of No. [illegible] Rue St. Antoine, has been occupied by [Mada]me de Montijo, otherwise known as the [Comt]esse de Teba, who is accompanied by her [daug]hter Eugenie. This Eugenie is a blonde [beau]ty of elegant figure and manners, and [has] many admirers. She was the cause [of] a duel between Colonel Somvillers [and] Captain Flamant. Her apartments are [much] frequented by ladies of delicate repu[tation] and worn-out old roues. The police [were] notified to keep watch, as they were sus[picious] that Madame de Montijo kept a gam[bling] hell." And all this, with very much more, [is pu]blished now. Eugenie has had a brilliant [care]er, and her life, after she became Em[press] of the French, was remarkably pure, [when] you think of the dissolute court by [which] she was surrounded, and the education [she] had received at her mother's hands. She [reache]d the pinnacle of earthly glory; for [nothi]ng since the Queen of Sheba's visit to [Solom]on has at all compared with the gran[deur] of her trip to the East; and now, de[thron]ed, amid all the blood and darkness that [surro]und the French nation, persons who see [her] only say she has become very despond[ent,] and has but little hope for her boy.

SPIRITUALISTIC ANNIVERSARY.

[Th]e Spiritualists have been celebrating their [twent]y-third anniversary here. I don't know [where] they date from; but I have always un[derstoo]d that they claimed Balaam's ass, when [speakin]g, as a seance affected by spiritual agen[cies]. In this most wretched of all brutes, [I] think Shakespeare was a Spiritualist, or [he n]ever would have given us that melancholy [pictu]re of Joan of Arc; and, whenever Vol[taire] decried the genius of Shakespeare, he [alwa]ys dwelt on that, and his witches in [Ma]cbeth." The Spiritualists have certainly [in]creased in numbers, if their meeting [wa]s any evidence; but, though few in [numb]er, they seemed large in faith. Judge Ed[monds], who is the great believer, is very in[firm,] and was compelled to read his address sit[ting]. The main idea of it was, that men always [foug]ht against truth, and that it was ever born [with] many a bitter pang. At the conclusion [of his] address, he read communications from [illegible] Tallmadge, James T. Brady, and Ogden [Hoffm]an; during which he was overcome by [emoti]on. How wonderful it is that a man of [illegible]

[illegible]

MASCULINE F[illegible]

It is rather remarkable [illegible] connoisseur in human nat[ure] [illegible] forth a treatise on "Flirt[ing]" [illegible]

[illegible]

NEW YORK.

[illegible] Musical Row in Grace Church.

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[From Our Special Correspondent.]

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[illegible]

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.

[illegible]

SPIRITUALISTIC ANNIVERSARY.

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SOCIAL INVITATIONS.

[illegible]

GAIETIES.

[illegible]

[illegible] flowers must have raised their blood being at fever-heat all the time they are dancing.

FLOWERS.

In talking with a florist about the flowers with which the churches were decorated on Easter, he stated that his house had the dressing of twelve altars or chancels, and that, in the aggregate, the florists were paid at least $30,000 or $40,000 for the flowers used that day alone. It seems that Fisk had the Church of the Messiah beautifully decorated; he is a Vestryman there. Delmonico annually consumes from $10,000 to $12,000 worth of flowers. The expense of flowers at funerals has been carried to such an extent that $500 is only an an ordinary outlay; and often two or three carriages are required to carry the crowns, crosses, stars, anchors, and wreaths. It is the merest display, nothing more.

ETA.

MASCULINE FLIRTS.

It is rather remarkable that some shrewd *connoisseur* in human nature has not put forth a treatise on "Flirting as a Fine Art." It would certainly be a fortune to the writer, besides doing essential service to the world. No doubt it is very wrong to flirt, but, so long as it must be done, it is certainly better to do it well. If people will play with edged tools, it is a pity not to be able to use them artistically, and, if one must be a victim, it is some consolation to be the victim of a skilful antagonist. One might even forget the pain of a broken heart, in admiration of the genius displayed in breaking it.

Fancy the avidity with which a book would be snatched up, which should give an accurate outline of the most approved methods of scientific flirtation, commencing with the ordinary emotional fencing, and developing the successive stages up to the point where the unsuspecting victim is put *hors de combat* by a few adroit passes. It would, of course, give all the minor touches which add piquancy to the game, besides teaching the difficult art of retreating gracefully, and calculating definitely the amount of tension which different dispositions and temperaments can bear without danger of a disagreeable reaction, or some such *dénouement* as insanity, consumption, or suicide, which are to be avoided, if possible, without too great a sacrifice of artistic effect. One would prefer not to figure in a tragedy, but the delicate line where comedy ends and tragedy begins is not always so easily determined, especially if the losing party is of the sort that dies and makes no sign. Hence it is highly desirable that such points should be decided by some one who has reduced the matter to a science.

Another great object of such a book would be to enable the weak to fortify themselves against the strong. There is no doubt that flirting was originally intended to be a purely feminine amusement, and arose out of the instinctive coquetry that was given to woman as a partial compensation for her lack of all aggressive privileges. In consideration of the fact that, for several thousand years, man has rung the changes upon the prolific theme of woman's weakness, and that he has especially prided himself upon being the champion and protector of this helpless compound of sickness and vanity, which he persists in liking very well, notwithstanding; in consideration of all this, the alacrity with which he steals her own weapon and turns it against her is rather astonishing. He seems even to take delight in displaying his superiority over his puny antagonist, and in breaking the heart of the tender being he claims to be so chivalrously protecting. No doubt he thinks it is for her good, and does it all in the way of gentle discipline. For no other purpose, certainly, could this powerful and superior mortal, whose crowning glory is magnanimity, be tempted to enter the lists against the fragile womanhood he can twist around his finger with such marvelous ease. Fancy a lion crushing a poor little lamb, and shielding himself behind the feeble apology that he was only playing the lamb's game! Fancy the lion playing the lamb's game at all, or regarding its Lilliputian attacks in any other light than as highly amusing, or rather agreeable than otherwise! But since man will sharpen a woman's one weapon and turn it against her, it seems a thousand pities that some generous spirit does not come forward and reduce the game to a science for her especial benefit. She would no doubt excel in the use of foils, even if she failed to become an adept in the manly art of using the naked steel.

The masculine flirt *par excellence* is a man who, lacking the amount of heart necessary to insure domestic happiness, thinks he can make it go further, and pay better interest, by giving it out in instalments. He is not very young, and all light skirmishing has ceased to arouse him. Perhaps he has some fancied wrong to avenge, and looks upon womanhood as one vast flirt, that ought to be put down. He is probably a cynical bachelor, who professes to have lost faith in women and to have outlived his carrying season, but he is ready to swear eternal friendship on the ruins of his once confiding but now disenchanted heart. He is the man of grand moods and lofty indifference, who gives you occasional glimpses into that cold mausoleum of dead affections, taking good care, however, to show you a very decided flame still burning among the ashes. He tells you that his life is a failure, and wishes that he had the power to love again as a woman ought to be loved, but, alas,—and his regrets are very tender. He plays upon feminine sympathy, and vanity, and sensibility as coolly as he would make a move upon the chess board. He alternates fits of tenderness and fits of coldness with consummate skill, calculating upon some sudden reaction to bring the prize to his feet, not that he cares about the prize, excepting to dissect it as he would a flower, and, after he has destroyed its bloom, to fling it aside for a fresh one. But he is fond of new sensations and likes to feel a consciousness of power. He shows his masterly tact, too, in throwing up defences all along to cover his retreat, and in the well-feigned sorrow with which he makes it at the proper time. He really lays aside his victims so skilfully that she rather pities him than herself, and retires amid the wreck of her own life, with a vague sense of having herself wronged some one; while he goes away sadly to offer some other dependent and trusting being the inestimable treasure of his friendship and protection.

But, even this practised gambler in human hearts is less dangerous than the man who flirts from sheer inability to resist the temptation of making love to every tolerable specimen of womanhood he happens to meet. There is something in the very air of a professional flirt that puts a woman on her guard against his studied fascinations, but a weak man, who is swayed by every passing caprice, and does nothing intentionally, it is impossible to be prepared for. Every emotion is, for the moment, a serious one, and bears the stamp of honesty. One cannot think of doubting such downright earnestness. He commits himself with the most charming grace, but without the slightest sense of moral responsibility. If he wishes to commit himself to some one else to-morrow, he does so with a grace equally charming. Of course he cannot be held responsible for his feelings, and of course no woman wishes a divided heart. He even considers it unjust that she should hold him accountable for anything he chooses to do or say. It makes him uncomfortable, and he feels really wronged. Such a man is dangerous, because his power is insidious, and because he is pretty sure to lack the manliness which can sometimes do a disagreeable thing with a tact that takes away half the sting. He has too little character to take hold of, and too little feeling to depend upon; but what he has is set out with such an air of openness and sincerity, that the most penetrating are liable to be deceived by it. In all his variations, he takes refuge behind his good intentions, and, on the whole, looks upon himself as a sort of martyr to his own kindness of heart, or, what might better be termed, general debility.

Then there is the universal flirt, who is never serious at all, but considers it the chief duty of man to whisper tender nothings in the ear of woman. He is always making love, either because he has such a surfeit of that article that it involuntarily bubbles over, and whoever is nearest gets the benefit, or because he has no other resource for entertaining, and tries to make the best of what he has, in which case he is certainly entitled to sympathy. He is perfectly harmless, as he is too much diffused to be otherwise, although he often boasts of doing immense execution. He is convenient to fill up social niches, and, on the whole, rather useful in his way. It is amusing enough to listen to the sentimental rhapsodies of a perfumed compound of vanity and mustaches, if one has nothing else to do. So long as he offers the very best he has, one cannot complain. The most harm he can do, is to jar upon one's æsthetic sense. As to touching the heart, he has no weapon sharp enough even to create a sensation, and breaking it would be a sheer impossibility. He is about as dangerous as heat-lightning, although he cannot be induced to recognize it in brilliancy.

There is the flirt who undermines, and the flirt who takes by storm; the flirt who has a passion for power, and the flirt who is in search of a sensation; the flirt who is vain, and the flirt who is sentimental; the flirt who feels a little, and the flirt who does not feel at all. But the whole race more or less verify Shelley's celebrated saying, that love acts upon the heart like a nutmeg grater; it wears it away. Whatever amount they may have started with, it has certainly dwindled to an infinitesimal quantity.

In slight love skirmishes a woman is very apt to win, but, as a rule, her sympathies get the better of her in the long run, and she is quite likely to end by marrying the victim whom she has hopelessly entangled. There may be women who toy with human hearts, consciously and deliberately, but they are very rare. It is their sole birthright to be loved, and they may be pardoned for making the most of it in an innocent way. But to the chivalrous type of manhood that deliberately seeks to destroy what it so generously claims to protect, we can only apply a sentence from the Litany.

THE AMERICAN LADY.

A Chicago Tale.

BY FORTUNIO.

Author of "John Bull," "The Elegant in Love," "The Sweetest of Actresses," etc.

Written for the Chicago Tribune.

CHAPTER I.

AFTER THE OPERA.

The opera had just closed. The elegant and enthusiastic crowd, on leaving the house, separating like a double wave at the foot of the main staircase, and dispersing slowly to the right and left on Washington street, the spectators regaining their homes through the great arteries leading north and south. It was a cold but clear night, and the ground covered with snow, made under foot the squeaking and dry sound of ice, which bends without breaking, and which indicates so well in the rude language of the frost, that winter has taken possession of the earth.

During the first moments that follow the leaving of a theatre on a frosty night, the ladies are busy adjusting their veils, and their furs. The gentlemen raise the collars of their overcoats. There is a great hurrying of carriages, and it is only after a while that those on foot begin to connect the series of their impressions, and to continue in the street the conversations interrupted under the peristyle. At first one hears only the performance, the artists, and the audience spoken of; then, as one gets further from the Opera House, as the streets become more deserted, and quiet begins to reign, one hears here and there fragments of phrases which show different preoccupations, according to the class of people engaged in conversation.

Among the late pedestrians that night crossing the bridges to go to the North Side of the city, were two young gentlemen and two young ladies, whose walk was very slow, notwithstanding the cold, and who had that peculiar appearance, so easily recognized, of lovers. One felt that these young hearts were beating silently; their looks were meeting each other in the shade, and their hands coming in contact on the edge of a muff. Yet, if the two gentlemen had the same eager and radiant appearance, it was not the same with their companions. The first one, it is true, seemed to be full of charm, confidence and ease, and her pure eyes were shining brilliantly; the other, on the contrary, seemed to be very reserved, and, judging from certain shudders which pervaded her slender form, one would have supposed that her cavalier inspired her more with fear and terror than love and sympathy.

The two couples were walking a few paces apart, speaking little and low. Around them all was deserted and quiet, though a careful eye and ear could have seen and heard a black form gliding along the walls, dragging, with difficulty, one leg behind him, somewhat like the galley-slave in France, and who appeared to be carefully following the last couple. By this time they had reached the State street bridge, and were ready to cross it. Their friends were ahead, exchanging some words of love or some joyful thought, which often made them laugh aloud, while the mysterious observer, followed the footsteps of the others, always keeping at the same distance with the same precaution, hidden by the darkness and disclosed only by the dragging of his leg. There had been a long silence, when suddenly the gentleman who was escorting the second young lady, said to her in an uncertain tone:

"Well, Valentine, what is your answer?"

The young lady so appealed to started visibly, but pretending to a tranquillity which she was far from feeling, answered in the most innocent and astonished way:

"My answer, Marcus?"

"Yes," replied her companion, in a strange accent.

"To which question?"

"To the one I have so often asked you."

The young lady became embarrassed, and stammered:

"I do not remember."

A malicious smile stole upon the fine lip of Marcus.

"Ah! is it really so," said he, in a bitter tone; "then I will repeat it to you. Valentine, do you love me? Valentine, will you become my wife?"

New trepidation seemed to agitate the young lady, who, however, replied in a smiling tone, and with a sweet voice:

"My affection does not suffice you any longer, Marcus?"

"That depends on circumstances. There is affection and affection, Valentine. Is yours of the same nature as that which Grace Stuart has for Benedict Mills?"

And, in saying these words, the gentleman pointed his finger at the happy couple before them.

"I do not know, Marcus, how Grace loves Benedict," replied the young girl, in a tone which she tried to make playful, "but I do know that I love and esteem you much. Is this all you wish me to tell you?"

"No, Valentine, it is not enough."

"What more, then, if you please?"

"I wish the whole truth, honestly, and without any evasion."

"Am I in the habit of lying?" said she who had been called Valentine, straightening up; "and, if because I am an Austrian, and may be somewhat unfamiliar with your ways, is it necessary that I should be deficient in truthfulness? Listen to me, Marcus, and once for all let us understand our respective positions. The daughter of a poor and old musician of the court of Emperor Francis Joseph, who was compelled, by being implicated in the late political events, to leave his home and seek a refuge in this great and free country, I have felt only one love and one ambition—the love of art and the ambition to win through it my independence in securing the independence of my father. My life, you know it well, is passing quietly in the midst of this dream—my studies and my duties as a daughter. I met you. You offered me your friendship, which I accepted. I was happy to think that I could depend upon it, and I ask myself with sorrow, why to-day you should seek for more?"

"Because I love you, Valentine!"

"It is a misfortune, Marcus," answered the young girl seriously, after waiting for a moment.

"And why so?" said the young man in a voice tremulous with anger.

"For the very simple reason that I am a daughter before being a woman, and that my first duty is to think of my father, who, during his whole life has devoted himself to me."

"Oh yes, I know well," said the young man with bitterness, "Mr. Frantz Duval, who only lives for music, wishes to make of you a great American singer."

"And this explains to you," continued the future artist with feverish cheerfulness, "why for the present I am in love only with Weber, Mozart, Meyerbeer, Gounod, Auber, Halevy, Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti! Later, when I am successful, and my reputation is secured, when my poor father shall be again rich and happy, I shall be able to think of myself; but until then I have not even time to ask myself if I have a heart."

"Yet you feel it palpitate?"

"Yes, for the love of art, for filial tenderness, and for friendship. If the part I have given you in this love suffices you, all right, if not—"

"If not?" repeated the young man, darting a look in the eyes of the young girl, as if to read the depth of her thoughts.

"You will have to pay your attentions to somebody else."

"That is to say, Valentine, that in your dreams of glory and fortune, there is now no room for me?"

"Have I ever made you any promises?" said the young girl, wounded by this insinuation of her companion.

"No, but you had given me some hope, and, moreover, you knew that I loved you," said he sharply.

"I supposed it was only friendship, Marcus, and if I was mistaken, I beg your pardon."

There was something pathetic in the sorrowful and soft manner in which the young girl pronounced these last words, but it did not seem to awaken any kinder feelings in the heart of her companion. He answered with some irony:

"Look here, be frank! When you became acquainted with me, you were poor and your father was sick. You were then happy to find in me a clever doctor, who at the same time was a devoted friend. Now, but a fall, [illegible] longer the child you were but a woman; you have grown beautiful, the hope of success, and talent, admirers [illegible] think it is better to put me aside."

"No, Marcus, I have not forgotten the past. I do not delude myself, I am not ungrateful, and if you wish it I will always remain your devoted friend; but do not ask for more."

"Therefore, it is well understood; you do not love me?"

"No, if you so understand it, that I am ever to become your wife."

"But, why so?"

"I do not know myself, but the feelings of the heart cannot be explained; one can only perceive them. All I do know, Marcus, is that I could love you as a brother. Is this not enough for you?"

"It is *all* your love that I must have. I will it; and remember, Valentine, if you do not become my wife, you will be wife of no other man; because I will ruin you."

While speaking, Marcus had thrown off the mask. Passion alone spoke in his look, and his companion felt a momentary dread of him, which betrayed itself by an involuntary scream. Her friend was far in advance, and, perhaps, too absorbed herself to hear it. The street was deserted, the gas was shut off under the pretext of moonlight. Midnight had just struck at the Court House; no person could be seen, and the poor child was really scared. But, at this moment, a dark form appeared in the shade, and an old negro, with one leg dragging, met the young couple.

"What do you want?" said Marcus in bad humor, and, at the same time, making a gesture as if to keep him off with his hand.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the negro, "but I am a stranger in Chicago, I have lost my way, and I cannot find North Dearborn street again. Would you show it to me?"

"Get away," said the young man, harshly. "One does not ask such questions at this time of night! If you do not leave, I will make you sorry for it."

"Why," said the young lady, reassured by this incident, [illegible]

[illegible]

"You will always be the same, Valentine, that is to say, always too kind to everybody but myself."

"Well, it seems to me that I am also too kind to you, as I proffer you my friendship even after what you told me a few moments ago," replied the young girl, in a joyful tone, explained by the presence of her mysterious protector.

"So," inquired the young man, again, "it is positively decided, you will not marry me?"

At this moment they had turned the corner of North Dearborn street, and they could see Grace and her betrothed waiting for them at the doorsteps of Valentine's house. The young girl, who had regained full confidence, answered with firmness:

"No, never!"

"Now, Valentine, woe to you!" muttered Marcus, holding her wrist as with a vise.

Valentine, suppressing a slight scream of pain, escaped like a wounded bird, and, throwing herself in the arms of her friend, said:

"Good night, Grace, good night—and thank you."

"Then, you have enjoyed yourself at the opera?" asked the latter.

"Yes, very much, and I am very thankful to you for having offered me a seat in your box."

"You know well, dear Valentine, that it is always at your disposal, and that I am obliged to you when you accompany me." And, lowering her voice, the young lady added:

"Then the opera pleased you?"

"Yes, because every time I hear Faust, I find something new to admire, and I think Gounod, although a Frenchman, more profound than all the so-called composers of the future."

"This, I believe, my dear, is because in France, art has always kept the simplicity of truth, and its levity, if there is really any levity, gives it only more grace. But it is too cold and too late to talk of music; only tell me, what think you of after the opera?"

"What do you mean, Grace?"

"Well, I mean of the coming home. Have you been pleased with your company? I, on the contrary, am more charmed with mine, and Benedict is really an accomplished gentleman."

"Ah! this is because you love him, Grace!"

"Yes, I fear it is; but you, Valentine; do you not love Marcus?"

The young girl so interrogated did not answer, except by a significant pressure of her friend's hand, by which the latter understood that she had some painful secret to confide to her.

Just at this moment the door of the modest frame cottage was opened and an old man appeared with a lamp in his hand, and a most beautiful tableau presented itself to the young gentlemen who were looking at it. There [illegible] the steps of the house, and their faces were illuminated at the same time by the silver rays of the moon and the light coming from the interior. The two young girls were blondes, and the long tresses of their light hair were circling their pure foreheads as with a halo of glory. Their eyes were of a tender blue. The oval of their faces and the outlines of their mouths were adorable. To see them so beautiful and so chaste, with the freshness of their complexions, the purity of their features, and their ruby lips, one would have supposed that they had been sketched by Raphael and painted by Murillo. They were more, they were the daughters of Heaven, and they had what cannot be given by either the master of painting or the genius of drawing—life, inspiration, intelligence, and a heart.

When Valentine and Grace separated, Marcus came nearer the first and Benedict took the arm of the other.

"For the last time," said the companion of Valentine, pressing her hand, "will you be my wife; yes or no?"

"For the last time," she answered, energetically, "No!"

She disappeared, the door was shut, the sound of fastening the bolts was heard, and all became silent within. There was nobody left in the street but Marcus, alone with his despair, his misery, and rage, and the old negro who seemed to follow his footsteps.

A bright light appeared behind the blinds of one of the windows of Valentine's house, and the young man walked opposite in the angle of a wall, and down in the shade on the steps of a staircase, and prepared to smoke a cigar to sooth his anger. He took out of his overcoat pocket a Prussian leather-case, which he opened mechanically, and which contained an elegant bottle of Bohemian crystal. In looking at it, his lips were circled with the same wicked smile they had borne since he came back from the opera, and he muttered very low with a sardonic tone:

"No; this is for the other!"

[illegible]

CHAPTER II.

THE SICK.

[illegible]

(To be Continued.)

"Words and Their Uses."

BY A MYSTIFIED QUAKER.

From the Buffalo Courier.

New York, 4th Month, 1871.

[illegible]

A Greek Papyrus.

[illegible]

DRAWING-ROOM DRAMS.

Stimulants for Fine Ladies—Alcoholization Among the Women of the English Aristocracy.

[illegible]

Bridal Presents to the Princess Louise.

From the Court Circular.

[illegible]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

[illegible]

TIT-BITS.

[illegible]

A Story of a Graveyard.

[illegible]

SITUATIONS WANTED—FEMALES.

[illegible]

TO RENT—ROOMS.

[illegible]

LONDON.

The Revolution in Paris, and the Meaning of it.

Paris and France.

Mazzini on the Franco-German War.

Banks and Currency.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

LONDON, April 8.

In the midst of the expressions of disgust which the excesses of the Reds in Paris have caused, it is scarcely possible to squeeze in a word even of suggestion as to the deeper questions at issue. Here and there, however, a voice is raised. For the last forty years Paris has been treated as an outlaw, denied municipal institutions, and kept down by main force, while material advantages have been accumulated on it in order to gild the yoke it has had to bear. A government official has decided that taxes should be paid, and how those taxes should be spent. An ubiquitous police has supervised and controlled all domestic life. As a writer in the *Saturday Review* observes, it has been held as a conquered town. Paris had its Napoleons of the government, but they were officered by [illegible] was the rule [illegible] over the capital, and [illegible] kept Paris in rigid subjection. Education worthy the name was denied the people of the empire. In 1867 the Minister of Instruction himself brought up the statistics, that 51, 61, and 67 men, and 80, and 98 women in 100 were, in many departments, not able to sign the marriage register. Miss Helen Taylor, the step-daughter of Mr. John Stuart Mill, possibly gives his sentiments as well as her own, when she asks, in the new number of the *Fortnightly Review*, why France should not try the experiment of federal government,—even try the experiment of free cities? If France (she says), as a whole, [illegible] why cannot Paris and Lyons, not to speak of Marseilles, which is a seaport, be allowed to live in the midst of the Kingdom of France, as Bruges and Ghent lived and flourished, and were great centres of commerce, surrounded by the dominions of the Counts of Flanders, or as the free city of Frankfort, down even to our own time, was encircled by the Princes of Germany? No doubt the incompatibility between Paris and the provinces is a terrible difficulty, but this proposal to break France up may be advantageous to her rivals, but it is a proposal of retrogression. Italy and Germany have gone in exactly the opposite direction, and the differences between Paris and the provinces is not greater than the differences between one part of Italy or of Germany and another. However, Mr. E. Dicey has good reasons for his argument in summing up his narrative of a visit to the capital, and any government likely to be established in France must rely more upon the provinces than upon Paris. The desire exhibited by the National Assembly to remove the seat of government from the banks of the Seine was not merely an ebullition of provincial jealousy or reactionary partisanship, but was the expression of a widespread, popular conviction that a virtual supremacy of Paris is fatal to the welfare of France. While France remains a nation, Paris must remain its permanent capital. But the government of the future will have no motive to maintain the importance of Paris. Miss Taylor, who knows France well, remarks: "Paris, in truth, however much to the holiday-making foreigner it seems to constitute France itself, does not in any sense whatever represent the France of the French. Paris is the great metropolis of foreigners in search of amusement; the French have the least sympathy with foreigners of any civilized people, and are probably content with as little amusement as any people in the world. Paris is the great centre of extravagant expenditure. The French are the most frugal of people. Paris is the great solvent of family ties; the French are deeply attached to them. Paris, in fact, if it represents any part of French society at all, represents only one element in it—the young men for whom, indeed, it is in some measure a centre, where they go up to graduate in vice. By this one point of contact between Paris and the provinces, the cold antipathy which the mass of the French people would otherwise feel to Paris is converted into deep detestation. Paris is too apt to be looked upon as a yawning gulf which sucks in honest, good-hearted young folk and casts them up again in time upon the hands of their relatives, profligate spendthrifts, worn out in person and in purse."

MAZZINI.

Great interest has been felt from time to time in the opinion of Mazzini upon the Franco-German war. His friends here were pretty equally divided, but still it was generally understood that his sympathies were with the Germans. He has now spoken out clearly in a long and carefully penned essay. The war he considers an expiation for France. The republic was a mere *de facto* consequence of Louis Napoleon's cowardly abdication of his leadership. She ought solemnly to have abjured all idea of conquest, and declared that she was ready, if need be, "to combat for a territorial unity of Germany against foreign intervention." Mazzini denounces the seizure of a zone of territory against the will of the inhabitants, and considers that it renders a second war between the two nations inevitable; but he has great faith in the German people, and insists that France, being overridden only in name, no argument against the principle is furnished by her defeat. The war was concocted, determined, and ceaselessly provoked by Louis Napoleon, whose strength was in a power usurped in crime and endured through cowardice. Mazzini does not think Germany could be expected to recross the frontier after the Sedan, and remarks that the Government of Defence could not give any material security. His censure upon the French nation is severe, and he utterly denies that the initiative of the great movement of humanity belongs to France, or that the blame rests with individual leaders. By the first Napoleon France substituted her own dominion for that of the tyrant's one overthrow, and, in 1848, "around the peoples rising to the promise of assistance, only to abandon them to their fate; protected the Pope without believing in him, preached liberty and voted for the Second Empire; declared herself the sole nation capable of fighting for an idea, and demanded the territory and moneys of others in payment; herself, the exaggerated representative of unity, grew jealous of the movement of unification in Germany; declared herself adverse to war and applauded the declaration of war; invaded Mexico, forgot Poland, murdered republican Rome while herself a republic, and, while violating the eternal truth that God only is master, and [illegible] of her masses."

STOCKS AND BANKS.

Business in "the city" has been seriously checked by the disturbances in Paris, and you may imagine the sort of exasperation which a London stockbroker feels on reading the mischief wrought by the "commune." But labor generally is well employed, and the banks are doing well. The private banks are very gradually absorbed by the joint stock banks, and the day probably is not very far distant when they will have ceased to exist. In Scotland, where joint stock banking has been largely developed, private banks are unknown. As a rule the towns of England are the main supporters of the joint stock banks; the counties of the private banks. The latter, having been long established, have gathered gradually around them the gentry and farmers. The joint stock banks, on the other hand, find their support among the town manufacturing populations. This, however, does not hold good of Scotland, where the great joint stock banks have numerous branches in small towns of a few thousand inhabitants. Having familiarized the people, through means of their £1-note circulation, with the advantages of banking and of keeping bank accounts, they have tapped a stream of wealth almost unknown to the English banker; small as regards the individual amount deposited, but immense in the aggregate, such as the savings of small shopkeepers or tradesmen, and the wages of farm laborers. In England there is a bank or branch of a bank for every 12,000 people; in Scotland one for every 4,000, and in Ireland one for every 21,000. In Scotland gold forms a very small part of the national currency; the notes of the Scotch banks for so small a sum as £1 are deemed amply sufficient for all ordinary purposes. In England on the contrary, gold is everything, and here when there is a run the mischief is great. A good banking authority gives it as opinion that the English joint-stock banks are working with at least £12,000,000 less capital than Scotch experience proves to be necessary. In a war, gold would be drained rapidly out of England and the large deposits of the English bankers would quickly disappear. The system of large public liabilities with small capitals is a bad one. The great aim of English joint stock banks being to pay large dividends, of course, the smaller the capital called up, the larger will be the dividend paid, the profits being spread over a smaller surface. Too many of them work at a high pressure, with an occasional burst.

A £1 note issue for England is strongly urged by some financiers. In Scotland and in Ireland this issue is invaluable in facilitating small transactions. The people, too, instead of having been trained to consider gold as the only representative of value, have relied upon their paper currency, knowing that it is secured to them by the property of the best and most aristocratic names of the country; consequently, those runs for gold which have worked such havoc in England, have been almost unknown in Scotland or Ireland.

The evil of what are called "accommodation bills," every now and then, is strongly denounced, but they continue to exist, and to dog, like spectres, the footsteps of shady traders. The dread felt for them is well-founded; for, while no risk, comparatively speaking, attaches to taking an ordinary bill as prospective payment of an account, seeing the value referred to on the bill is real, and has been or will be realized, very great risk, indeed, must necessarily be attached to receiving an accommodation bill which represents little or nothing more than the value of the stamp and paper on which it is written. No proper means of detection exists. One may now and then be pounced upon by the banker, and dragged out to light, but that only suffices to convince him that a vast undercurrent of such nefarious transactions is continually circling round him, whose depths he can never hope to fathom, and whose links he can but faintly comprehend. The richest lode of this valuable article is, however, struck when some commercial house whose wide-reaching arms had spread far around, comes to grief; then, indeed, its hidden sources of wealth are exposed to the cruel inspection of a too critical public by the Bankruptcy Court, and the highly respectable firm is found to have floated long—maybe for many years—on a vast but comparatively [illegible] of accommodation bills [illegible]

[illegible] the venture. It is urged that the use of the words "for value received" on any bill where value was not really given, should be declared by law to be *felony*, as being simply another and more subtle manner of raising money by false pretences. The capital which the issuers of such bills thus raise, like the counterfeit coin, costs little. They can, therefore, afford to undersell, and to speculate recklessly in a manner which cuts the ground from beneath the feet of their neighbors, who make their capital in a more conscientious manner. Houses really insolvent issue bills of this kind; as the bills mature, they are, in turn, met by new bills being again issued, until the form is something like a large spider surrounded by a web of bills in which the public have been caught, and on whom the firm feeds, until a high rate of discount, when picked bills can only be negotiated, blows the whole affair to the winds. As every day increases the crowd of men in trade, all struggling for the same object, there are good grounds for believing that, unchecked, this practice will attain yet wider proportions.

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD.

Physical Culture.

The first element of success needed by him who has wisely chosen his calling is constitutional talent. By constitutional talent [illegible] mean the warmth and vigor imparted to a man's ideas by superior bodily [illegible] by a stout physical constitution. Till within a recent period [illegible] if it may be so called [illegible] been neglected, and almost decried, in this country. It has been truly said that all the influences under which the young American, especially the student, of the last generation lived, taught him to despise the body, while the mind was goaded to a preternatural activity. They led him to associate muscle with rowdyism, ruddy cheeks with cocktails, longwindedness with profane swearing, and broad shoulders with neglect of the ordinances of revealed religion. Tallness was the only sign of virtue tolerated. Width and weight were held to indicate a steady tendency toward the State Prison, and the model young man became pale, lanky, dyspeptic, desiring to be all soul, and regarding his body as the source of all his wretchedness. But we are beginning to see that the body, as well as the mind, has rights that must be respected. We are learning by bitter experience that if the mind, which rules the body, ever forgets itself so far as to trample on its slave, the slave will not forgive the injury, but will rise and smite the oppressor. We are discovering [illegible] win the most prizes in college, it is the tough, sinewy one who will win the most prizes in life; and that in every calling, other things being equal, the most successful man will be the one who has slept the soundest and digested the most dinners with the least difficulty.

It is no exaggeration to say that health is a large ingredient in what the world calls talent. A man without it may be a giant in intellect; but his deeds will be the deeds of a dwarf. On the contrary, let him have a quick circulation, a good digestion, the bulk, thews, and sinews of a man, and the alacrity, the unthinking confidence inspired by these, and, though having but a thimbleful of brains, he will either blunder upon success or set failure at defiance. It is true, especially in this country, that the number of centaurs in every community—of men in whom heroic intellects are allied with bodily constitutions as tough as horses—is small; that, in general, a man has reason to think himself well off in the lottery of life, if he draws the prize of a healthy stomach without a mind, or the prize of a fine intellect with a crazy stomach. But, of the two, a weak mind in a herculean frame is better than a giant mind in a crazy constitution. A pound of energy with an ounce of talent will achieve greater results than a pound of talent with an ounce of energy. The first requisite to success in life is to be a good animal. In any of the learned professions a vigorous constitution is equal to at least fifty per cent more brains. Wit, judgment, imagination, eloquence, all the qualities of the mind, attain thereby a force and splendor to which they could never approach without it. But intellect in a weak body is "like gold in a spent swimmer's pocket." A mechanic may have tools of the sharpest edge and highest polish; but what are these, without a vigorous arm and hand? Of what use is it that your mind has become a vast granary of knowledge, if you have not strength to turn the key?

It is told of Cicero that he became at one period of his life the victim of that train of maladies expressed by the word dyspepsia—maladies which pursue the indolent and the overworked man as the shark follows in the wake of the plague-ship. The orator hastened, not to the physicians—which might have hastened his death—but to Greece; flung himself into the gymnasium; submitted to its regimen for two entire years; and returned to the struggles of the forum, as vigorous as the peasants that tilled his farm. Who doubts that, by this means, his periods were rounded out to a more majestic cadence, and his crushing arguments clinched with a tighter grasp? Had he remained a dyspeptic, he might have written ten beautiful essays on old age and friendship, but he never would have pulverized Catiline, or blasted Antony with his lightnings.

The success of men gifted, apparently, with nothing but constitutional talent, and the frequency with which men endowed with the finest intellectual powers, but powers supported by a couple of spindle-shanks and a weak body, have disappointed the expectations of their admirers, have led some persons almost to regard the stomach as the seat of intellect, and genius and dyspepsy as convertible terms. Ridiculous as this may seem, it is certain that the brain is often credited with achievements that belong to the digestion. Everything shows that the greatness of our great men is as much a bodily affair as a mental one. Nature presented our Websters, Clays, and Calhouns, not only with extraordinary minds, but—what has quite as much to do with the matter—with wonderful bodies. Above all, our Grants, Shermans, and Sheridans—what would they be, without nerves of whipcord and frames of iron? Let Napoleon answer. The tortures of hereditary disease united with the pangs of fever, wrung from that great Captain, in one of the most critical days of his history, the exclamation that the first requisite of good Generalship is good health. Even in literature, a robust frame has become absolutely indispensable to great and lasting success. Time was when an author [illegible] with his head—with the superior [illegible] of his be-[illegible]. But, to-day, owing to the enormous labor which he imposes upon himself, or which society imposes on him at short notice—owing, also, to the necessity he is under of striking quick and telling blows—he has no time to be so platonic and delicate. A writer's works in this nineteenth century are the offspring, not merely of his brain, but of his blood and muscles. His physiology and hygiene—his entire organization—have become an indispensable chapter in every analysis of his talent.

Look, again, at the pulpit. Who can estimate the accession of energy—of intellectual and moral power—which it would receive if our clergymen, instead of remaining the pale, ghostly-looking, over-read, over-fed, intellectually *blasé* spectres they are, should spend a part of their time in getting up animal power to back up their attenuated intellectual power? John Knox was not a dwarf nor a dyspeptic. Latimer and Luther were stalwart men, who could have knocked down an opponent first, and put him down in argument afterward.

It is true there have been men who, despite of frail and miserable health, have done immortal things. Great and heroic were the achievements of Paul, "in bodily presence weak;" of the blind Milton; of Pascal, a confirmed invalid at 18; of Johnson, bravely carrying through life the weight of a diseased and tortured body; of Nelson, little and lame; of Channing, with his frail, clayey tabernacle; of the pale Lawrence, weighing from day to day the morsels of bread which alone his dyspeptic stomach could bear. It is true that Julius Cæsar was troubled with epilepsy, and never planned a great battle without going into fits; that the great Suwarrow stood but five feet one in his boots; that Pope was a hunchback and an invalid; and that Aristotle was a pigmy in body, though a giant in intellect. But these are brilliant exceptions, which only prove the rule. The general fact still remains that it is the man of tough and enduring fibre, of elastic nerve, of comprehensive digestion, who does the great work of life. It is Scott, with his manly form; it is Brougham, with his superhuman powers of physical endurance. It is Franklin, at the age of 70, camping out, on his way to arouse the Canadas, as our hardiest boys of 20 now camp out in the Adirondacks. (It is Napoleon, sleeping four hours, and in the saddle twenty; [illegible] does the world behold such a spectacle as that presented in 1693, at Neerwinden, in the Netherlands, when, among the 120,000 soldiers who were marshalled under the banners of all Europe, the two feeblest in body were the hunchbacked dwarf who urged on the fiery onset of France, and the asthmatic skeleton who covered the slow retreat of England.

Even the greatest poets have been those who, like Burns, have combined athletic bodies with souls of Æolian tones—who were blessed with good digestion as well as brains. The Greek poet, Æschylus, fought nobly for his country at Salamis; and the trumpet that woke his countrymen to battle that morning still rings in his verse. Chaucer was a sturdy hard, as ready to fight as to write; and, when some Londoners had accused him of untruth, "proferred his body for Mars his doing, if any contraried his saws." There is no calling in which men do not need that sturdy vigor, that bodily strength and agility, without which all mental culture is but a preparation for disappointment and mortification. But, in the learned professions a good constitution is doubly indispensable. There is nothing else which so taxes, tries, and exhausts the life-force as mental effort. Instead of being pale, delicate, feeble, and sickly, the thinker, whether in the law office, the pulpit, the editorial sanctum, the counting-room or the hall of leg-[illegible]

station, needs to be stalwart and hardy. He should have tougher thews, and stronger sinews, and more vigorous pulses than the man who holds the plow or shoves the fore-plane. See Palmerston—at fourscore still handling the helm of empire with the firm grasp of 30! Look at Lord Brougham. That the King never dies, and that Brougham never sleeps, used to be the two leading features of English constitutional doctrine. One would think from his toughness, when almost 90, that he was a son of old McDonald of Keppoch, the Scotch chieftain of whom it is told that, camping out one night with a portion of his clan, he went and kicked the snow from under his son's head—which the youth had piled together so as to form a sort of pillow—declaring that "the young rascal, by his degenerate effeminacy, would bring disgrace on the clan." The life of Brougham was a perpetual series of mental feats and triumphs over the frail *physique* of humanity. It is told that he once worked six days on a stretch—144 hours—without sleep; then ran down from London into the country—slept from Saturday night till Monday morning—and then returned [illegible] to his work again, as fresh and elastic as ever. Is it not an immense advantage to have such a working constitution as this?—to be able, if a professional man, to endure for a whole week a perpetual strain on your brain, and, amid confinement and close air, with heaps of confused papers, law books, and books of reference to get through, to go on daily and nightly extracting therefrom liquid and transparent results, and find yourself, when you rise from your task, as elastic as a rubber ball? Is not a lawyer doubly sure of success who, after a fortnight's laborious attention to a suit, can rise up to address a jury with all his faculties as vigorous and eager for the contest as on the first day of the term, while his wilted and exhausted opponent has hardly more vitality than a bag of sand?

On the other hand, of what avail are brilliant talents and a splendid education to a young man just entering manhood, who has a feeble constitution? It is Ulysses' bow in the hands of the suitors. He brings into the arena of life, to meet its fierce contests, to bear its hard shocks, to persevere in its long-continued enterprises, and to endure its strenuous oppositions, a shrivelled puny body, limbs trembling with weakness and palsied with pain. His feeble system is borne down to the bed of sickness even by the operations of his own over-cultivated mind. The spirit is too strong for its tenement. The sword has worn through the scabbard. He hears the trumpet sound, and the busy hum of preparation,—his soul is "up in arms and eager for the fray,"—but he cannot arise and equip himself for the battle. Opportunities of usefulness and of winning an honorable reputation crowd thick upon him; but he feels a prostrating weakness, which, like an invisible enemy, creeps through his veins, and drinks the life-blood from his heart; and he languishes in pain and wretchedness, like Ivanhoe in the castle of Front de Bœuf, unable to perform a solitary act in the fray on whose results hang all his most cherished hopes.

Let, then, the man who is stripping for the race of life account no time or money as wasted that contributes in any way to his physical health—that gives tone to the stomach, or development to the muscles. The life of the present day is lived so often at fever-heat, is so swift and restless, that the mental wear and tear is enormous. Never before were men devoured by so insatiable an ambition, or scourged by so merciless an activity, as in this latter half of the nineteenth century. It is the pace that kills. We need, therefore, all the vigor, all the "healthy animalism" that can be drawn from sport or play, to strengthen us for the struggle. It is true the professional or business man needs health rather than strength. He need not boast the brawn of the gladiator. He need not be a Heenan or a Spartacus; he need not lift 1,000 pounds, nor walk 100 miles in twenty-four hours. It is true also that physical [illegible] is required more in some callings than in others. But in all it is indispensable [illegible] and he who lacks it, though he may live a useful [illegible] life—may even become a first-rate [illegible] must not think to command.

Missionaries for Japan.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

The Woman's Union Missionary Society for the past ten years, has been the nucleus of many bold and blessed reforms. Signally successful, they have sent noble women into the distant vineyards of the Lord.

They have now undertaken a work which commends itself to all Christians and philanthropists; the establishment, at Yokohama, of an Orphanage for the children of foreign fathers and Japanese mothers. These waifs are scattered throughout the Empire, disowned, outcast, vicious, a blot even upon that idolatrous land.

Mrs. Pruyn, of Albany, so widely and worthily esteemed, leaves for San Francisco, *en route* for Japan, in May. She will be accompanied by Mrs. Pierson, of Chicago, and Miss Crosby, of Poughkeepsie.

Donations of material for children's wear, bed, or table linen, or other materials requisite for housekeeping, or money for contingent expenses, may be sent to the Vice President, Mrs. O. F. Avery, 455 Michigan avenue.

Our grateful thanks are due to the firm of Mitchell & Hathaway, for an exquisite collection of paintings, with which to beautify the Japanese home.

A PLEA FOR THE CHILDREN.

Hear the merry laughter ringing,
Hear the silvery voices singing,
With cadence thrill;
Now the passion slumber breaking,
And the snowy daisy waking,
Their soft eyes with dew-light fill!

Oh! the happy children playing,
Do not angels guard their straying
Through the sunny day?
With their merry laughter ringing
And no shadow o'er them flinging,
Loving and beloved so well!

Oh, the joyous home, whose treasure
Is not jewels, gold, nor pleasure,
But the little ones!
They, with their white souls praying,
Hear the [illegible]
"Suffer them," in loving tones.

Then, at last, when sweetly sleeping
Far from pain and mortal weeping
With the Angel band;
Sunny wings of light unfolding,
And their Father's face beholding,
Dwell within the starry land!

In an olden empire lying
O'er the waters, darkly sighing,
Many children roam;
Joyless, hopeless, deeply erring,
What their life, from each beginning,
Without friends, or love, or home!

Pity those, no Savior knowing;
Pity those, whose young hearts growing
Wicked, [illegible]
No sweet smile of beauty wearing,
No sweet hope, but dark despairing,
[illegible] Wander from the Heavenly Fold!

[illegible]
All the best of earth and heaven,
[illegible]
That the radiance and the glory
Of the blessed Bible story
May bring joy to every heart.

CHICAGO, April 12, 1871. LOUISA PARSONS.

"What's the Matter with that Nose?"

Snyder kept a beer saloon some years ago over mit the Grindstone Factory in Kensingtown. Snyder was a ponderous Teuton, of very irascible temper—"sudden and quick in quarrel"—getting mad in a minute. Nevertheless his saloon was a great resort for the boys, partly because of the excellence of his beer, and partly because the boys liked to chafe "old Snyder," as they called him; for, although his bark was terrific, experience had taught them that he wouldn't bite.

One day Snyder was missing, and it was explained by his "frau," who "jerked the beer" that day, "that he had gone out fishing mit der poys." The next day one of the boys, who was particularly fond of "roasting" old Snyder, dropped in to get a glass of beer, and discovered Snyder's nose, which was a big one at any time, but which was swollen and blistered by the sun until it looked like a dead ripe tomato.

"Why, Snyder, what's the matter with your nose?" said the caller.

"I peen out fishing mit der poys," replied Snyder, laying his finger tenderly against his proboscis. "The sun it peen hot like ash ter tifel, and I purne my nose. Nice nose, don't it?" And Snyder viewed it with a look of comical sadness in the little mirror back of the bar.

It entering at once into the mischievous fellow in front of the bar to play a trick upon Snyder, he went out and called a half dozen of his comrades, with whom he arranged that they should drop in at the saloon, one after another, and ask Snyder, "What's the matter with that nose?" to see how long he would stand it. The man who put up the job went in with a companion; seating themselves at the table they called for beer. Snyder brought it to them, and the new comer exclaimed, as soon as he saw him—

"Why, Snyder, what's the matter with your nose?"

"I yust tell your friend I peen out fishing mit der poys, unt de sun he burnt 'em—two lager—den cents, all right."

Another of the boys came rushing in, exclaiming—

"Hallo, boys; you're ahead of me this time; 'spose I'm in, though. Here, Snyder, bring me a glass of lager and a pret—(here he appeared to catch a sudden glimpse of Snyder's nose, looking a moment, and then burst out laughing)—"Ha! ha! what's the matter with that nose?"

Snyder, of course, couldn't see any fun in having it laughed at, and he says in a tone sternly emphatic—

"I've peen out fishing mit der poys on the Schoolkill. The sun peen hot like as hell, unt I purnt my nose. Now, das ish more vot I don't got to say. Vot kind of pesiness? Dat ish all rite; I purnt mine nose, don't it?"

"Burn your nose—burn all your hair off your head, for what I care; you needn't get mad about it."

It was evident that Snyder wouldn't stand more than one more tweak at that nose, for he was tramping around behind the bar and growling around like an exasperated old bear in his cage.

Another of his tormentors walked in. Some one sings out to him, "Have a glass of beer, Billy?"

"Don't care about any beer," says Billy, "but you may give me one of your best ci-gars—ha! ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! why—ha! ha! ha!—why, Snyder—who whi—ha-a! ha! ha!—what's the matter with that nose?"

Snyder was absolutely fearful to behold by this time. His face was purple with rage, all except his nose, which glowed like a ball of fire. Leaning his ponderous figure far over the bar, and raising his arm aloft to emphasize his words with it, he fairly roared—

"I've been out fishing mit der poys. The sun it peen hot like hell-tamnation. I purnt my nose. Now, you no like dose nose, you can take dat nose und wr-wr-wring your pe-American fingers mit 'em! That's the kind of man vot I am."

BERLIN.

The Peace Negotiations and the New Revolution.

An Ultramontane Struggle in the Reichstag.

Berlin on a "Bender."

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

BERLIN, March 21.

The peace negotiations which commenced at Brussels on the 28th, will not be interrupted by the transpiring events in Paris, for the new Revolutionists recognize the Versailles Government as competent to execute the details of the peace, as well as to have made the original conditions. They will, therefore, give their concurrence to them, as they did to the original conditions, not because they want to, but because they must. As a way to pay the debt—since they cannot even pretend to repudiate it—the following, among the many extravagant propositions, seems to be gaining the most favor, namely, to tax the 450,000 families which possess large landed estate (which are together worth 180,000,000,000) from 3 to 4 per cent. This will yield the desired amount. The owners, they maintain, are mostly favorites of Napoleon, or have enriched themselves under the Empire. The rest of the citizens are mostly poor mechanics and day laborers, and have already been fleeced enough. Prussia still pretends that she does not mean to intervene in favor of either party, and regrets the reflections of Thiers and Jules Favre that her armies are instigating the insurgents. It is true, however, that the government here has ceased the "demobilizing" of the army; and the soldiers are not returning as fast as was anticipated. Several officers within my acquaintance have, within the last few days, been ordered to leave Berlin for Paris, although they had returned for good, as they expected. The matter, it is true, is disbanding, and the ships are being given back to their owners—but not so fast the army. In controverting a report circulated in France that the German troops have applied to Versailles for permission to enter Paris, the ministerial sheet says that if the Germans find it necessary to enter Paris in order to enforce the conditions of the peace, they will not have to ask permission of anybody, at least not of those who have no control in Paris. The ministerial press here is now decidedly favorable to the insurgents. This is chiefly because it fears the Orleanist tendency of the government at Versailles. It has no sympathy with the ultras, but thinks that the temporary success of the revolutionists will be favorable to the Bonapartists, whom it has never ceased to encourage.

In the session of the Reichstag, yesterday, an occasion was given for the first combat with the Ultramontanists. It was on the occasion of the reporting of an address to the Emperor, in which, after bestowing liberal praise on him and the army, it formulated, in the strongest terms, the principle of non-intervention as the policy of Germany. It was proclaimed that "it is to be hoped that intervention in the affairs of other nations will never, under any pretext, or in any form, take place." In opposition to this, the clerical party brought in a minority report, in which they leave the general principle open in order to make way for intervention in Italian affairs. The former was supported by all the parties except the Catholics. The speakers in its favor urged that the German Empire should beware of the complications of the old Roman-Germanic Empire, which came to woe because of its having to protect Italy and guard the whole world. The German Empire is at present thoroughly German, and is besides strong enough to protect herself against any nation, or even against any possible alliances. For the diplomatic relations of Germany are now on such a good basis that there cannot be any formidable hostile alliances for many years to come. The Ultramontane faction look at first a merely defensive position, and contented against proclaiming the principle of [illegible] in any formal terms. [illegible]

[illegible] Empire. In the course of the debate, however, they were brought to take issue on the main question. They asked, they said, no other intervention for the Pope than that which Prussia volunteered in the Posthe question; and they thought it to be the duty of the German government at the millions of Catholic subjects to interest itself, at least to that extent, in behalf of their sovereign Pontiff, who, at present, must submit to the ignoming of being an ordinary subject. Because Italians live both in Victor Emanuel's State and in the States of the Church, it does not follow that they should form one nation. On the same supposition Germany must extend her boundaries to Vienna, and must give up Alsace and Lorraine to the French. By catering to this principle of non-intervention, Napoleon, they said, has been allowed to be overthrown, although his interests are one with those of the majority of the Reichstag. They thought that the Pope and Emperor should go hand in hand, and that they will find each other equally needful for their mutual support; that the moral and religious interests of the State should be looked to as well as the political and material interests, &c., &c. The Ultramontanists here, since the opening of the Reichstag, founded an organ in Berlin—the *Germania*—which is under the direction of Ketteler, the Bishop of Mayence, who is the champion of the Catholics in Germany, and famous as the "fighting Bishop."

The present is the bock-beer season in Berlin, at which time a large portion of the community feel it their duty to get drunk on "bock" or "he-goat" beer. The great restaurant-gardens on the outskirts of the city are crowded to overflowing, and on Sundays during the whole day. Sometimes as many as five thousand will be collected in one garden, and more than half of them be drunk, or partially drunk, at once. Such capers as they then perform are to be seen nowhere else. Filthy songs, fighting, swearing, upsetting of tables, and breaking of bottles is the order and enjoyment of the day. Lovers are seated on each other's arms, as if they were completely alone, and so drunk that one will be hugging another's sweetheart without knowing it. Several times I saw two trying to kiss the same girl. It is specially amusing to see them walking about with their glasses of beer, trying to carry them straight; or to see the same person carrying half a dozen glasses at once (for a party of his comrades, it may be); or to see them drink each others' health and spill out half the contents in touching their glasses. The whole ground is strewn with broken glasses and mugs; for no sooner do they get through with the drinking than they throw these around in all directions. When they get to fighting these are their weapons. The glasses are charged for in the price of the beer, and the landlord considers it as so much clear gain if he gets any of them back again. To make the scene still more hideous, they pull over their noses false faces in the shape of a goat's head. These have now come to be thought to be indispensable to the enjoyment of bock-beer. While all this is going on, bands of music are playing, and shouting marches coming off; also, raffling and other games. It is amusing to see the awkward shooting at such times, when they are too dizzy to stand straight, much less to take aim. The article called bock-bier, which is brewed only in the spring time, is of a peculiarly violent character, and is all the more dangerous because of its mild taste. It "drinks so easy," as they say, that one gets drunk before he is aware of it. Both men and women drink it, and can be seen lying around promiscuously on the grass and knolls, in their various states of intoxication. Of course, the middle and lower classes patronize these places most extensively, although nearly everybody participates to some extent. Often the finest equipages may be seen before the garden gates.

The State of the Earth's Interior.

The question of the state of the earth's interior has been reviewed by Professor David Forbes, in a lecture which we find reported in *Nature*. Earthquakes and volcanoes are the first superficial phenomena which suggest to anyone that the earth is not of solid rock to the core; nevertheless, with all the helps of science, we have not yet the data for a thoroughly conclusive solution of the problem. The globe has a diameter of 7,912 miles, while the greatest depth hitherto attained by man's direct exploration has not reached even one mile from the surface. The sedimentary rocks—those made up of the debris of older rock stratified by the action of water—were for a long time supposed to rest on a more ancient foundation of granite. It has been more recently shown that no granite rock is known which does not at some place or other break through and alter or disturb the sedimentary rocks which lie above it; and hence these latter must have pre-existed on the spot, and the granite which disturbed them was later in time. At present the oldest rocks we know of are sedimentary, and we cannot say of any rock that it was the foundation on which the others were laid. Volcanoes teach us that at a certain depth they communicate with a molten sea, from which they derive their supplies of mineral [illegible] that these minerals are [illegible] part of the constitution, no [illegible] from. It is further [illegible] that there must be a continuous molten sea, from the fact, which seems to be confirmed, that the moon has an influence in raising tides upon it, as indicated by a tidal movement in volcanic eruptions and in earthquakes. The history of mines has shown that the temperature of the earth steadily increases as we descend. Two degrees Fahrenheit per hundred feet is a fair estimate of the average. As nothing is known to contradict, it is only fair to suppose that the increase is kept up; and, if so, at the depth of twenty-five miles we shall reach a point where iron and lava would be continuously molten. Pressure may necessitate a higher heat for keeping matter in a melted state; but, allowing for this, fifty miles would be a sufficient thickness of solid crust—a very insignificant thickness compared with the whole diameter—and as for the great interior, the conclusion would seem sure that it is a molten sea. But objections have been made. How can such a thin crust remain solid, and not become melted up and absorbed? This would have force if there were any means of keeping up a heat supply from within. But the very presence of a crust implies that the earth is parting with more heat than is supplied from within. And the cooling and losing of heat would go on until a sufficient crust formed to act as a non-conductor and hold the heat within. It is urged that a thin crust could not sustain such mountain ranges as the Himalayas and Andes. This is less plausible, since it is founded on a mistaken idea as to the relative thickness of the crust to the mass. If we reduce the earth to the scale of an orange, the highest mountain on the globe would show no greater inequalities than the little pimples on its rind. [illegible]

On a Vulgar Little Boy.

BY BRET HARTE.

The subject of this article is at present leaning against a tree directly opposite to my window. He wears his cap with the wrong side before, apparently for no other object than that which secures the most obvious—of showing more than the average quantity of a very dirty face. His clothes, which are worn with a certain buttonless ease and freedom, display, in the different quality of their fresh stains, a pleasing indication of the progress of the season. The nose of this vulgar little boy turns up at the end. I have noticed this in several other vulgar little boys, although it is by no means improbable that youthful vulgarity may be present without this facial peculiarity. Indeed, I am inclined to the belief that it is rather the result of early inquisitiveness—of furtive pressure against window panes and of looking over fences, or of the habit of biting large apples hastily—than an indication of scorn or juvenile superciliousness. The vulgar little boy is more remarkable for his obtrusive familiarity. It is my experience of his predisposition to this quality which has induced me to write this article.

My acquaintance with him began in a moment of weakness. I have an unfortunate predilection to cultivate originality in people, even when accompanied by objectionable character. But as I have not the firmness and skilfulness which usually accompanies this taste in others, and enables them to drop acquaintances when troublesome, I have surrounded myself with divers unprofitable friends, among whom I count the vulgar little boy. The manner in which he first attracted my attention was purely accidental. He was playing in the street, and the driver of a passing vehicle cut at him sportively, with his whip. The vulgar little boy rose to his feet and hurled after his tormentor a single sentence of invective. I refrain from repeating it, for I feel that I could not do justice to it here. If I remember rightly, it conveyed, in a very few words, a reflection on the legitimacy of the driver's birth; it hinted a suspicion of his father's integrity, and impugned the fair fame of his mother; it suggested incompatibility in his present occupation, personal uncleanliness, and evinced sceptical doubt of future salvation. As his youthful lips closed over the last syllable, the eyes of the vulgar little boy met mine. Something in my look emboldened him to wink. I did not repel the action nor the complicity it implied. From that moment I fell into the power of the vulgar little boy, and he has never left me since.

He haunts me in the streets and byways. He accosts me, when in company of friends, with repulsive freedom. He lingers about the gate of my dwelling to waylay me as I issue forth to business. Distance he overcomes by main strength of lungs, and he hails me from the next street. He met me at the theatre the other evening and demanded my check with the air of a young footpad. I foolishly gave it to him, but re-entering some time after, and comfortably seating myself in the parquette, I was electrified by hearing my name called from the gallery with the addition of a playful adjective. It was the vulgar little boy. During the performance he projected spirally-twisted play bills in my direction, and indulged in a running commentary on the supernumeraries as they entered.

To-day has evidently been a dull one with him. I observe he whistles the popular airs of the period with less shrillness and intensity. Providence, however, looks not unkindly on him and delivers into his hands, as it were, two nice little boys who have at this moment innocently strayed into our street. They are pink and white children, and are dressed alike, and exhibit a certain [illegible] which the vulgar little boy [illegible] What [illegible] does he display [illegible] himself with simply knocking the hats off their respective heads, and repeating [illegible] vigorously at the sight of the [illegible] But there are [illegible] considerations [illegible] not to be overlooked, [illegible] to be added to the injury inflicted, and in the struggles of the extreme innocence. The two nice little boys promptly [illegible] and [illegible] the vulgar little boy [illegible] He addresses me (across the street and through the closed window) and requests information if there happy [illegible] in the vicinity. He makes affectionate inquiries after the health of their parents. He expresses a fear of maternal anxiety in regard to their welfare. He offers to conduct them home. One nice little boy feebly retorts, but alas! his correct pronunciation, his grammatical exactitude and his moderate epithet only provoke a scream of derision from the vulgar little boy, who now rapidly changes his tactics. Staggering under the weight of his vituperation, they fall easy victims to his dexter mawley. A wail of lamentation goes up from our street. But as the subject of this article seems to require a more vigorous handling than I had proposed to give it, I find it necessary to abandon my present dignified position, seize my hat, open the front door, and fly a stronger method.

Through the Closed and the Open.

[illegible]

I sat alone at the organ one day and played
In a desolate, weary mood, a strange, sad strain,
Through mazes of questioning chords my fingers strayed,
While I looked for the end in vain.

For ever there strove in my heart a doubt and a hope;
Light and darkness there in an even struggle warred,
While ever some door in the sky seemed ready to ope,
And ever was shut and barred.

And now the chords would swell like a wave, with the tide
Lunged against the coasts, and storms prevail;
And now, as backward flung by the cliffs, it died
Away in a passionate wail!

Till I looked where a window looked on the west, and lo!
The setting sun was fair, for the storm was o'er,
And he touched the pictured panes with a ruddy glow,
Which quivered along the floor,

And lighted the patient face of my saint with smiles,
Till his wistful, far-off eyes grew wondrous sweet;
And a glory streamed adown the shadowy aisles,
That softly fell at my feet.

And that sacred calm bade my foolish troubles cease,
With the storm and the cloud without, and there somehow stole
From the face, or the shining heavens, the hush and peace
That softly possessed my soul.

Then Hope overcame, as with happy tears I bowed,
While the swelling voice of the organ shook the air,
And rolled through the arches, and rose, like a pillar of cloud,
And the glory of God was there.

While the glad pipes thrilled to the rushing flood of sound
That filled all the place; and the phantoms that followed me,
Like the hosts of the cruel King, were whelmed and drowned
In the surge of that mighty sea.

—*Scribner's Monthly for May.*

Very Good.

From the Overland Monthly.

A mountain trail—a narrow, tortuous, difficult path. Two miners, with their effects tied up in ropes and slung across their backs, scrambling wearily up it. Just at the steepest part the foremost halted short, turned about, deliberately unslung his pack, sat down upon it and sighed. As he looked across the green expanse of the valley below, to the brown majesty of the opposite range, and over into the fathomless ether beyond, a look not of earth crept into his eyes, impressing his face with something of the glory of the transfiguration. His companion, rough and hard, though he was, observed the change, and appeared to have some vague and imperfect idea of its nature, for, without a word, he grounded his own baggage and sat himself thoughtfully upon a rock. For some time the two maintained a silence which was intensified rather than broken by the just distinguishable murmur of the river 1,000 feet below. The wind whispered its eternal secret to the pines, and the sun, flaming grandly above, flung wave after wave of light against the hills, which sent back faint pulsations of heat as it were an echo.

"Jim"—and the voice of the miner was choked and husky, as if troubled in its lower depths by some struggling emotion—"Jim, we two've been good friends—ain't we?"

Whether it was because he did not thoroughly know what was coming, and so declined to commit himself, or whether he had a delicate consciousness that to reply to such a question would imply a misconstruction of its purport, Jim maintained a grave silence, merely shifting his great hands alternately, the one above the other, upon the vertical handle of his pick. The uncertain light in the eyes of the speaker grew, by imperceptible degrees, into a positive gleam of intense longing, as he continued:

"Jim, I'm not a feller to ask favors; you know that. Ever since we two've been pardners, you've never knowed me to git a man to hold my dust while I attend to the cards, without my bein' willin' to hold his'n the next time. Now, pardner, I feel that I can't drift no further on this level, and I guess I'm goin' to go down lower. But fore I go, I want you to tell me, honest, who 'twas shot me that night at the fandango over to Spanish Camp. The thought that I was fired into by some stranger who wasn't takin' no hand, and come near havin' my light snuffed out by some one unbeknown to me, is not a good thought to die on. When I get down yonder, and they ask me 'who made this yer hole in yer back?' I'd like to tell 'em, so's they could spot him when he comes. 'Taint no case for human justice; we haven't got nothing invented yet as'd do right to him. And, Jim, don't you never go for him yourself; that man's too mean for killin'." The dying man ceased, but Jim bowed his head lower and lower over the pick handle in silence, and seemed struggling to suppress a sob. Finally he asked, in an almost inaudible tone:

"Bill, are you quite sure you're playin' out fast?"

"I'm a coilin' up my state, Jim."

"How long must you last yet?"

"Not more'n ten minutes at the outside."

Jim straightened himself upon his rock with a jerk.

"Bill, I won't never get after that feller—least ways, not till I commit suicide. I fired that shot that's a-doin for you! Then, half apologetically: "I didn't know you then, Bill, or I shouldn't 'a shot without singin' out to you that I was on it."

That extremely moribund miner rose to his feet; more properly, there was a vast upheaval of his frame, which seemed to expand at every point as it finally towered aloft like a blasted cedar.

"Jim" he flamed out, "board's a fair play, and ever since we two've been pardners you never knowed me to take back a card. But in saying what I did about human justice, I throwed away a queen when I knowed I held a bower. Jim, I take back that play; I'm after your scalp, pardner!"

The spot is still pointed out to the travel-[illegible]

ICI ON PARLE ANGLAIS.

[illegible]

The desire of "airing one's French," and the custom of doing so, date, probably, at least as far back as the Tower of Babel. Whether French was one of the tongues by which the builders of that ambitious edifice were confounded, is, by-the-bye, doubtful; but it has, at all events, had its full share in confounding us since. It is quite natural that all persons should endeavor to master it as the language of courts, when it is the thing to begin with, and up to this time it has been the nearest approach to that universal language for which so many men have sighed. It would, indeed, be a great convenience if Europe could be got to agree upon the subject; and yet, how many persons would such an institution deprive of their chief pleasure? Who would care to listen to our best Parisian French, if he possessed a substitute for it and every other European dialect? That roll of the French r's, of which we are far prouder than of the possession of the three homely English "ores," and which justifies us in the indiscriminate use of the word *sacre*, would then be mere blank cartridge. It would no longer be remarked of us that we should be a charming companion for a tour on the continent. We should have to depend for our reputation upon ideas.

Well, matters have not come to that pass yet; the universal language seems as far off as ever; but there is another danger which threatens to depreciate our accomplishment in the social market. Germany is carrying all before it; suppose German should take the place of French as the lingua of Europe! Where should we be? Any man subject to such an invasion would have the gas of an ancient pre-[illegible] Old Hawker at the club would have the accent medal from the Academy of Berlin. Our royal family, it is understood, are acquainted with the German tongue, but with that exception, what would become of the British aristocracy, deprived, by this convulsion of fortune, of their single talent? Even Mr. Bright used to confess that they could speak French beautifully, though, it is true, he couldn't speak it himself, which rather detracts from the value of his commendation. Mr. Thackeray, indeed, makes Becky, the governess, speak better French than all the swells she meets with at my Lord Steyne's; but then he was so satirical.

Well, if all the world has to learn German, the French will have to learn it; they have had to eat their own words, but this is nothing to the penance of having German words put into their mouths. It is terrible to think that they, who have been the "glass of fashion and the mould of form" so long, will now have to learn from a model. Their young men will have to wear spectacles; their young women to be, ah! so stout; or they will not be in the fashion (which would be insupportable). But the worst part of their punishment will, without doubt, be the necessity of the acquisition of the Berlin accent. They, who have beheld every other civilized nation endeavoring, and in most cases miserably failing, to roll its r's out of compliment to themselves!

How will they ever do it? I cannot ask that question point-blank; but indirectly, I am in a position to do so. I can tell you how the Belgians (who speak a sort of French themselves, you know), learn English. It is very probable that that will be the first step which the French will have to take before learning German; they can surely never learn *that* straight off; there must be some intermediate step, such as our own tongue affords. They must be let down easy. If you had been exclusively accustomed to a milk-diet, and were suddenly offered an artichoke, it would probably stick in your throat, and produce convulsions. The bronchial tube must be treated with consideration; the palate (from which we get articulation) must not be rasped. Here is a forecast, then, of what will happen under this new régime. I present a picture, not of French pupils learning English, but of Frenchmen, who, after painful study, have thoroughly mastered the intricacies of our language, and consider themselves qualified to teach it. I give you a specimen of the English tongue after it has been appropriated by continental experts.

The Prospectus of the Baths of Spa, published at Liege, in English, and signed by a French gentleman of a learned profession, who is evidently proud of it as a composition, will furnish as good an example as could be desired. If this document were not ornamented by a beautiful wood-cut of the building that contains the baths, it might make a grave mistake at the outset, for it is called *The New Establishment of the Baths of Spa*. The attractive establishment, in spite of its somber, and especially ambitious title (for the [illegible] addressed), have a prejudice against baths. However, the mistake is soon rectified so far, although by the introduction of another difficulty.

"The stamp joined to this represents the principal front of the new bathing-house in Spa."

"The stamp joined to this!" I had received the interesting document by post, and at once began to search for the newspaper envelope which had contained it, under the impression that the stamp—which represented the King's head. The word "stamp" in this learned gentleman's mind was evidently identified with "wood-cut," but let us go on to the description of the building.

"In this short laps of time its reputation already has become europian; but also how many wonders—that is the real expression—are to be found in the new creation!" It is most satisfactory to find that, "the real expression" has been discovered for one thing; but that phrase can scarcely be applied to "the lap of time, which is a poetical fiction, rather than a 'term' of durable-ness; while as far as 'europian' (with a small 'e') we have a pronunciation is borrowed from Mr. Elijah Pogram's, its manner of spelling is perfectly original.

"Sixty bathing places, two halls for hydrotherapy, two piscaries, are in a building of the grandest style, which necessarily excites our admiration. This splendid architecture is own to M. Sayn, of Bruxelles.

"A fountain of the purest water, own production of the soil of Spa, and an inexhaustible fountain of sulfuro-ferruginous mineral-water, allow to diversify the treatments, under all forms, to every degree of mineralisation, to every temperature, according to all urgencies of maladies. By the mode of vapor applicated to the calefaction of water, his latter, in five minutes, is brought to every temperature the physician finds necessary, should it be even fourty degrees."

As an English composition this "own production of the soil of Spa" is a little involved; and we suspect that the scientific portion of the prospectus is also scarcely framed to carry conviction home to the breast of the British invalid. To him who has only read the thermometer in use in the parks of London, the information that "by the system of vapor applicated to the calefaction of water," his bath may be brought up to eight degrees above freezing point, will be by no means satisfactory. There are hopes, it seems, that the water, which is now so good to bathe in, may be made drinkable, but only to those who wear a certain garment. "For the next year a special apparel shall be established, in order to employ as beverage this water. We have heard of a water-proof coat, but of a coat that renders water drinkable we have never heard; for "apparel" the Professor would probably have us read "apparatus."

"To the comfortable is joined the elegance, even luxury, not withstanding certain peculiar customs, which generally reduce the number of establishments to the necessary expenses. Doubtless this is a point of consideration. When the body is lingering in such maximum of suffering, precursor of a beginning, or consequence of a malady not yet finished, then the spirit finds a well-being, a calm, a salutary distraction in the contemplation of the beautiful. Never a cold allement of nature, without all decorations and objects of art, has produced a salutary benefit, neither has a bad of the slanting [illegible]

[illegible] of stones to the forefathers" [illegible] "Will it be necessary to speak of particularities? Why should we bring in mind that a numerous and well-experienced personnel is attending to satisfy every exigency? Why should we remember that by the use of double fonts, of robinets, placed for mineral and cold natural water at the disposition of the bathers, certain signalised inconvenients are entirely banished?"

Why, indeed, when to the British mind these "particularities" are inscrutable?

Let whoever has "the chlorosis, the anæmia, the dyspepsy," or "chronic rheumatismal sufferings," hasten to Spa at once, and, in the contemplation of the Beautiful, find a relief from his "inexprimable sufferings."

Let us now take a specimen of continental English from a more ambitious looking pamphlet, as the metropolitan city of Brussels. There English is not only spoken, but taught; the true London accent is to be obtained at its purest source. In the *British Phrase Book*; the most national sentiments are found embodied in these "guides to conversation." This is how the *Cours facile de Langue Anglaise* begins:

"What o'clock is it? It is twenty minutes past ten. Has she a mind to cut?"

It will naturally be imagined that the scene is at an evening party, and that the host and hostess are speculating upon the departure of some lady guest, bored to extremity. Has she a mind to cut? But this is not the case.

"Has she a mind to cut? Has she a mind to cut *hairs*? She has a mind to cut some."

We picture the guest of the evening with a pair of scissors, looking around malignantly and making preparatory snips. But her mind is suddenly diverted to another theme, probably by the appearance of a pimple. "Have you a sore nose?" Scarcely have we recovered from this abrupt transition to personalities, when she once more inquires: "Has our sawyer a sore nose?"

Certainly we English must be an eccentric people, even more so than we have been represented on the French stage, to ask such a question as this. *Our sawyer*, too! as though it were usual to retain the special services of an artisan of this description, as though he were a chaplain or a doctor. The answer is supposed to be in the negative, for the inquirer, ruffled and disappointed, is represented as querulously observing: "Well, he has a sore foot." Similarly, upon the question: "Has your aunt a sore foot?" instantly follows the observation: "She has a sore tongue;" and then (as if it were medical aid): "Will you not send her to the sweeper?" "I will send her to him [for, thither] at a quarter past 2." One would suppose for examination; but no; she has a business project in view. "He may wish to buy my chimney."

Only imagine a British sweep wishing to purchase a chimney! Some remonstrance upon this ridiculous idea is probably supposed to have been made, for the lady once more rejoins with irritation: "He wants to buy something good." Then there is a pause, which perhaps suggests the next subject, for pause are something like them, and there is another possible *apropos* relation.

"Have you seen any feet?" Instead of sending for a strait-waistcoat and a couple of stout keepers, the person interrogated mildly replies: "I have seen some." But this eccentric English lady is not to be humored or put off by generalities and feeble acquiescence. Her mind once more reverts with a flash to her favorite theme. "The sweeper" (she adds, and doubtless with severity) "is taller than you." Not content with this depreciation of her friend's stature, she avails [illegible]

[illegible] their blood-relations by adding: "He is less tall than my brother." Then (considerably adding to the words, as we imagine, in a lecturing tone): "Who has a sore finger? Who? I have a sore finger."

The secret of all this absurdity probably lies in the fact that the composer of these conversational phrases has only a very small stock of English words, among which "sore" and "sawyer" occupy very prominent positions. "Are our sawyer's children as good as yours?" is her next inquiry, to which, apparently, she gets no answer; for her irritation becomes excessive. "Will you speak?" I will not speak," is her friend's sturdy rejoinder. Then (turning, as I suppose, to some astonished bystander), "Will you lend me a knife to cut his ear?" "I have none to cut," is the evasive reply. There is a lull in the conversation; for a few moments reason resumes her sway, and then this dreadful woman breaks out in a wider rhapsody than ever. "Does anybody wish to buy my head? Where is the chimney-sweeper? He is at ours. [What is the meaning of this?] There is a popular drama called Ours; but it is doubtful whether a chimney-sweeper would be allowed to witness it—at least in his professional costume.] "Has he any sprightly fingers? He has no pretty fingers, but some pretty eyes." Imagine a chimney-sweeper with pretty eyes; and "some" pretty eyes too! Six or seven, perhaps! Something in the pattern of the wall-paper here strikes our conversationalist. "Whose bad paper is that?" asks she (of the hostess, as I suppose). "It is the paper of my chimney-sweeper," is the frank confession. "It is my chimney-sweeper's, *tout simplement.*"

A noble revenge upon this artisan suggests itself to our eccentric English lady. "Have you time," she rapidly inquires, "to cut his tail? Are you tired? I am not."

So, I suppose, she cuts them herself. Here is the wonderful conversation; the twenty-seventh is the series, which, for all we know, is all about the sawyer and the chimney sweeper, and will continue to be so. Nor are the examples of English pronunciation less wonderful than these instances of our familiar talk:

Français.	Anglais.	Pronunciation.
Tire-bouchon.	Corkscrew.	korks-crow.
Miel,	Honey,	hon-ni.
Adolescent,	Youth,	youths.
Travail,	Work,	ouork.
Agneau,	Capstans,	kapstin.
Mouchoir,	Handkerchief,	hang-tor-tshit.
Tenailles,	Pincers,	pinn-cours.
Lunettes,	Spectacles,	spek-ta-kis.
Le mal d'oreille,	The ear-ache,	d'ee-ir-eks.
Le mal d'estomac,	The stomach-ache,	d'e-stom-meuk-eks.
Le mal de ventre,	The belly-ache,	d'e-bel-li-eks.
Le mal de tête,	The head-ache,	der-hed-eks.
Avoir mal au cœur,	To be sick,	tou-bi-sick.

It is by such means as the above that the youths of Brussels are taught English.

There is nobody, I hope, in these islands who does not pity the French in their present woful state; but if, after defeat and subjugation, they have to learn their conquerors' language, upon the same lines, so to speak, as they seem to learn ours, there are troubles still in store for them. To think of the sawyer and the sweeper forming the topic of conversation in German, is a reflection that induces d'ee-hed-eks.

LONGEVITY IN MAN AND ANIMALS.

The Estimate of Lord Bacon.

Touching the length and shortness of life in living creatures, the information which may be had is but slender, observation is negligent, and tradition fabulous. In tame creatures their degenerate life corrupteth them; in wild creatures their exposing to all weathers often intercepteth them; neither do those things which may seem concomitants give any furtherance to this information (the greatness of their bodies, their time of bearing in the womb, the number of their young ones, the time of their growth, and the rest), in regard that these things are intermixed, and sometimes they concur, sometimes they sever.

1. Man's age (as far as can be gathered by any certain narration) doth exceed the age of all other living creatures, except it be of a few only, and the concomitants in him are very equally disposed; his stature and proportion large, his bearing in the womb nine months, his fruit commonly one at a birth, his puberty at the age of fourteen years, his time of growing till twenty.

2. The elephant, by undoubted relation, exceeds the ordinary race of man's life, but his bearing in the womb the space of ten years is fabulous; of two years, or at least above one, is certain. Now his bulk is great, his time of growing until the thirtieth year, his teeth exceeding hard, neither hath it been observed that his blood is the coolest of all creatures; yet his age hath sometimes reached to two hundred years.

3. Lions are accounted long livers, because many of them have been found toothless, a sign not so certain, for that may be caused by their strong breath.

4. The bear is a great sleeper, a dull beast, and given to ease, and yet not noted for long life; nay, he hath this sign of short life, that his bearing in the womb is but short, scarce full forty days.

5. The fox seems to be well disposed in many things for long life; he is well skinned, feeds on flesh, lives in dens, and yet he is noted not to have that property. Certainly he is a kind of dog, and that kind is but short lived.

6. The camel is a long liver, a lean creature, and sinewy; so that he doth ordinarily attain to fifty, and sometimes to a hundred years.

7. The horse lives but to a moderate age, scarce to forty years; his ordinary period is twenty years, but perhaps he is beholden for this shortness of life to man; for we have now no horses of the sun that live freely, and at pleasure, in good pastures; notwithstanding the horse grows till he be six years old, and is able for generation in his old age. [illegible] the mule outlives them both.

8. The hart is famous among men for long life, yet not upon any relation that is undoubted. They tell of a certain hart that was found with a collar about his neck, and that collar hidden with fat. The long life of the hart is the less credible, because he comes to his perfection at the fifth year, and not long after his horns (which he sheds and renews yearly) grow more narrow at the root, and less branched.

9. The dog is but a short liver, he exceeds not the age of twenty years, and, for the most part, lives not to fourteen years; a creature of the hottest temper, and living in extremes, for he is commonly either in vehement motion or sleeping; besides, the bitch bringeth forth many at a burden.

10. The ox likewise, for the greatness of his body and strength, is but a short liver, about some sixteen years, and the males live longer than the females; notwithstanding they bear usually but one at a burden; a creature dull, fleshy, and soon fatted, and living only upon herby substances, without grain.

11. The sheep seldom lives to ten years, though he be a creature of moderate size, and excellently clad; and, that which may seem a wonder, being a creature with so little a gall, yet he hath the most curled coat of any other, for the hair of no creature is so much curled as wool is. The ewes bear young as long as they live. The sheep is a diseased creature, and rarely lives to his full age.

12. The goat lives to the same age with the sheep, and is not much unlike in other things, though he be a creature more nimble, and of somewhat a firmer flesh, and so should be longer lived.

13. The sow lives to fifteen years, sometimes to twenty; and though it be a creature of the moistest flesh, yet that seems to make nothing to length of life. Of the wild boar or swine, we have nothing certain.

14. The cat's age is betwixt six and ten years; a creature nimble and full of spirit. A creature ravenous in eating, rather swallowing down his meat whole than feeding.

15. Hares and conies attain scarce to seven years, being both creatures generative, and with young ones of several conceptions in their bellies. In this they are unlike, that the coney lives under ground, and the hare above ground. And, again, that the hare is of a more dusky flesh.

16. Birds, for the size of their bodies, are much lesser than beasts; for an eagle or swan is but a small thing in comparison of an ox or horse, and so is an ostrich to an elephant.

17. Birds are excellently well clad, for feathers, for warmth and close sitting to the body, exceed wool and hairs.

18. Birds, though they hatch many young ones together, yet they bear them not all in their bodies at once, but lay their eggs by turns, whereby their fruit hath the more plentiful nourishment whilst it is in their bodies.

19. Birds chew little or nothing, but their meat is found whole in their crops, notwithstanding they will break the shells of fruit and pick out the kernels; they are thought to be of a very hot and strong concoction.

20. The motion of birds in their flying is a mixed motion, consisting of a moving of the limbs, and a kind of carriage, which is the most wholesome kind of exercise.

21. Aristotle noted well touching the generation of birds (but he transferred it ill to other living creatures), that the seed of the male conferes less to generation than the female, but that it rather affords activity than matter; so that fruitful eggs and unfruitful eggs are hardly distinguished.

22. Birds (almost all of them) come to their full growth the first year, or a little after. It is true, that their feathers in some kinds, and their bills in others, show their years; but for growth of their bodies it is not so.

23. The eagle is accounted a long liver, yet his years are not set down; and, it is alleged, as a sign of his long life, that he casts his bill, whereby he grows young again; from whence comes that old proverb, the old age of an eagle. Notwithstanding perchance the matter may be thus, that the renewing of the eagle doth not cast his bill, but the casting of his bill is the renewal of the eagle; for, after that his bill is grown to a great crookedness, the eagle feeds with much difficulty.

24. Vultures are also affirmed to be long livers, insomuch that they extend their life well near to a hundred years. Kites likewise, and so all birds that feed upon flesh, and birds of prey, live long. As for hawks, because they lead a degenerate and servile life for the delight of men, the term of their natural life is not certainly known; notwithstanding among mewed hawks some have been found to have lived thirty years, and among wild hawks forty years.

25. The raven, likewise, is reported to live long, sometimes to 100 years. He feeds on carrion, and flies not often, but rather is a sedentary and melancholic bird, and hath very black flesh. But the crow, like unto him in most things (except in greatness and voice), lives not altogether so long, and yet is reckoned amongst the long livers.

26. The swan is certainly found to be a long liver, and exceeds not unfrequently 100 years. He is a bird excellently plumed, a feeder upon fish, and is always carried, and that in running waters.

27. The goose, also, may pass amongst the long livers, though his food be commonly grass, and such kind of nourishment, especially the wild goose; whereupon this proverb grew amongst the Germans, *Magis senex quam anser niveolis*—older than a wild goose.

28. Storks must needs be long livers, if that be true which was anciently observed of them, that they never came to Thebes, because that city was often sacked. This, if it were so, then either they must have the knowledge of more ages than one, or else the old ones must tell their young the history. But there is nothing more frequent than fables.

29. For fables do so abound touching the phœnix, that the truth is utterly lost. If any such bird there be. As for that which was so much admired, that she was ever seen abroad with a great troop of birds about her, it is not such wonder; for the same is usually seen about an owl flying in the daytime, or a parrot let out of a cage.

30. The parrot hath been certainly known to have lived three-score years in England, how old soever he was before he was brought over; a bird eating almost all kind of meats, chewing his meat, and renewing his bill; likewise curst and mischievous, and of a black flesh.

31. The peacock lives twenty years, but he comes not forth with his argus eyes before he be 3 years old; a bird slow of pace, having whitish flesh.

32. The dunghill cock is venereous, martial, and but of a short life; a crank bird, having also white flesh.

33. The Indian cock, commonly called the turkey cock, lives not much longer than the dunghill cock; an angry bird, and hath exceeding white flesh.

34. The ringdoves are of the longest sort of livers, insomuch that they attain sometimes to 50 years of age; an airy bird, and both builds and sits on high. But doves and turtles are but short-lived, not exceeding eight years.

35. But pheasants and partridges may live to 16 years. They are great breeders, but not so white of flesh as the ordinary pullen.

36. The blackbird is reported to be, amongst the lesser birds, one of the longest livers; an unhappy bird, and a good singer.

37. The sparrow is noted to be of a very short life. But the linnet, no bigger in body than the sparrow, hath been observed to have lived twenty years.

38. Of the ostrich we have nothing certain; those that were kept here have been so unfortunate, that no long life appeared by them. Of the bird ibis we find only that he liveth long, but his years are not recorded.

39. The age of fishes is more uncertain than that of terrestrial creatures, because living under the water they are the less observed; many of them breathe not, by which means their vital spirit is more closed in; and, therefore, though they receive some refrigeration by their gills, yet that refrigeration is not so continual as when it is by breathing.

40. They are free from the desiccation and depredation of the air ambient, because they live in the water, yet there is no doubt but the water, ambient, and piercing, and received into the pores of the body, doth more hurt to long life than the air doth.

41. It is affirmed, too, that their blood is not warm. Some of them are great devourers, even of their own kind. Their flesh is softer and more tender than that of terrestrial creatures; they grow exceedingly fat, insomuch that an incredible quantity of oil will be extracted out of one whale.

42. Dolphins are reported to live about thirty years, of which thing a trial was taken in some of them by cutting off their tails; they grow until ten years of age.

43. That which they report of some fishes is strange, that after a certain age their bodies will waste and grow very slender, only their head and tail retaining their former greatness.

44. There were found in Cæsar's fish-ponds lampreys to have lived three-score years; they were grown so familiar with long use, that Crassus, the orator, solemnly lamented one of them.

45. The pike, amongst fishes, living in fresh water, is found to last longest, sometimes to forty years; he is a ravener, of a flesh somewhat dry and firm.

46. But the carp, bream, tench, eel, and the like, are not held to live above ten years.

47. Salmons are quick of growth, short of life; so are trouts; but the perch is slow of growth, long of life.

48. Touching that monstrous bulk of the whale or ork, how long it is wielded by vital spirit, we have received nothing certain; neither yet touching the sea-calf, and sea-hog, and other innumerable fishes.

49. Crocodiles are reported to be exceeding long-lived, and are famous for the times of their growth, for that they, amongst all other creatures, are thought to grow during their whole life. They are of those creatures that lay eggs, ravenous, cruel, and well fenced against the waters. Touching the other kinds of shell-fish we find nothing certain how long they live.

ART.

Hiram Powers has completed his statue of "Eve after the Fall," which is said to be one of his best creations.

—The Schiller statue, which is about to be erected in Vienna, it is said, will be the finest monument of its kind in Germany.

—Church's last picture, "Jerusalem," has been purchased by T. M. Allyn, of Hartford, for $10,000; and he has built a gallery especially for it.

—Bierstadt, the painter, is a rich man, and has acquired his fortune through his art. He displays great business capacity in the disposal of his works. He knows the highest price which his pictures will bring, and he knows how to get it.

—The Princess Frederick Charles, of Prussia, is selling tickets for all her own paintings, which are to be disposed of in a lottery for the benefit of the Invalid Fund. The drawing will take place on the 1st of June.

—A letter to the *New York Tribune* tells this story on Vinnie Ream's statue of Lincoln: "A stout Englishman and a devout Presbyterian pastor the other day encountered each other before the little railing that protects Miss Ream's 'marble that shows.' The Englishman had been surveying the statue, in silent agony, from every possible point of view. The meek inquiry of the pastor as to his opinion of the work of art, let loose the pent-up torrents of his wrath, and the swearing of the proverbial bold English dragoon was as nothing, for a few minutes, to his performance. The shocked pastor listened with all his ears, and seemed relieved; till, as the last oath was blazed out, he took up the word and simply added, with clerical unction and fervor, 'That's so!' The profane Briton and the pious pastor understood each other."

—Prof. Sinding, a Scandinavian scholar, is now in Boston, getting subscriptions to his illustrated book about the sculptor Thorwaldsen, whose name was spelled by Byron "Tovaldsen." He made a statue of the poet, after his death, which was sent to London in 1833. No place could be found for it, for the Anglican clergy would not allow it to be put in any place over which they had control. At last, in 1845, Trinity College, where Byron had been educated, offered to receive it. It was then difficult to discover the statue, but with some trouble it was found in the vaults of the London Custom House, and was taken to the library of the college. On Thorwaldsen's return to Copenhagen in 1838, he found a letter awaiting him from the Secretary of the Rhode Island Historical Society, informing him that the society had made him an honary member, as the undoubted representative of the first American of European parentage. Recent researches in American antiquities had proved that a certain Thorfinne Karlsefne had landed in 1007 at Rhode Island, and had passed the winter at Mount Hope, where, in the following spring, his wife Gudrid gave birth to a son, named Snorre. According to geologists this Snorre was one of the ancestors of Thorwaldsen. "These scholars are wonderful fellows," said the artist, laughing heartily; "without them how could we tell whence we come, whither we go."

—The New York *Evening Post* says: "An interesting address to the people of New York has just been published from the officers of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which gives us great encouragement to hope for the complete success of that praiseworthy enterprise. By act of the Legislature of New York, passed during the current session, and approved by the Governor April 5, 1871, the Board of Commissioners of the Department of Public Parks has been authorized to erect a suitable fire-proof building for the museum and gallery upon that part of the Central Park formerly known as Manhattan Square, at a cost not exceeding five hundred thousand dollars. We learn from the address that their first care will be to provide for a Loan Exhibition of Art at the earliest moment that the building can be got in readiness for that purpose. The address speaks sanguinely, but certainly not with undue confidence, of the probable success of this exhibition as a creditable display of American art treasures. There can be no doubt that the gallery of the highest interest and excellence in modern art could be gathered from the private collections of this city alone. But the owners of pictures living in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati and other cities, would gladly unite in a movement so well calculated to stimulate a taste for art among the people, and it may be hardly too much to say that several pictures of acknowledged merit might thus be brought together. The Loan Exhibitions at the South Kensington Museum, in 1866 and 1867, surpassed in interest even the permanent art galleries of the British nation. The address tells us further that it has been decided to purchase for the Metropolitan Museum, as a nucleus for its future gallery, 175 pictures of the Dutch and Flemish schools, collected with great care and discrimination in Paris and Brussels at the time of the breaking out of the war between France and Germany. To secure these pictures two officers of the Metropolitan Museum have liberally advanced the amount necessary to meet the cost of the purchase of Art upon the liberal and noble plan originally projected for it now depends upon the speedy filling up of the subscription list. The minimum sum set down in the constitution as a basis of operations is $250,000, half of which has been already subscribed. We risk nothing in predicting that the other half will be obtained at an early day."

A Ghost Story.

Lord Brougham tells the following ghost story on his father:

"On all subjects my father was very sceptical. He was fond of telling a story in which he had been an actor, and, as he used to say, in which his unbelieving obstinacy had been the means of defeating what would have been a very pretty ghost story. He had been dining in Dean's Yard, Westminster, with a party of young men, one of whom was his intimate friend, Mr. Calmel. There was some talk about the death of a Mrs. Nightingale, who had recently died under some melancholy circumstances, and had been buried in the abbey. Some one offered to bet [illegible] Calmel accepted the wager, only stipulating that he might have a lantern. He was accordingly let into the cathedral by a door out of the cloisters, and there left to himself. The party, after waiting an hour or more for Calmel, began to think something must have happened to him, and two or three went to look for him; so at last all found him on a bench by the side of the grave, at the bottom of which was the apparently dead body of Mr. Calmel. He was quickly transported to the protand's dining-room, and recovered out of his fainting fit. As soon as he could find his tongue he said, 'Well, I have won my bet, and you'll find the nail in the coffin; but I never had a worse time in my life.' He [illegible] out of the grave.' Calmel stuck to his story in spite of all the scoffing of his friends; and the ghost of Mrs. Nightingale would have been all over the town but for my father's obstinate incredulity. Nothing would satisfy him but an ocular inspection of the scene of the adventure; and so, getting a light, he and some of the party examined the grave. There, sure enough, was the nail, well driven into the coffin; but it had fixed by it was a bit of Mr. Calmel's coat-tail! So there was an end of Mrs. Nightingale's ghost. This grave afterward became remarkable for a very beautiful piece of sculpture, by some celebrated artist, representing a skeleton vainly attempting to ward from his dying wife the dart of death."

—Charles Dickens was always dissatisfied with the manner in which his works had been translated into French, and ascribed to that fact the small popularity they had in that country. Five or six years before his death he prevailed on his friend Paul Féval, whose books he greatly admired, and whose "Habits Noirs" he pronounced one of the finest French novels he had ever read, to undertake a new translation of his works. Féval's vanity [illegible] however, prevented him from finishing his promise.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Poor Carlotta is now waited upon exclusively by Spanish servants. She refuses steadily to converse in any other language than that of the Hidalgos.

—There are in England no less than one hundred and fifty registered kennels of foxhounds, with staff, stud and equipments as complete as those of any army corps. Many of them are supported by subscription, others, as the Duke of Beaufort's, are maintained at private expense.

—The Emperor Francis Joseph, as guardian of Prince Turn and Taxis, who had entrusted nearly the whole fortune left him by his father to certain swindling bankers at Brussels, sued the latter for the money. In the reply of the defendants the Imperial plaintiff was spoken of in terms so disrespectful that the Court resolved to try the case with closed doors. Francis Joseph won his suit.

—A ludicrous scene happened at the palace of William the First after his return to Berlin. The Emperor has an enormous Newfoundland dog, whom he did not take with him to France. When William entered for the first time, after his return, the hallway leading to his private apartments, the huge animal, recognizing his voice, rushed upon the Emperor, and, in his impetuous joy, actually threw William the First on the floor. The Emperor rose smilingly and caressed the dog.

—The high-born dames of Madrid have made the poor young Queen Maria very unhappy by refusing to recognize her existence. She may be their superior politically, they say; but socially no woman can be their equal who has not a drop of Castilian blood in her veins.

—The civil list of Napoleon the Third owes 6,000,000 francs to Parisian merchants. The ex-Emperor has sent his creditors word that he is prepared to pay all their claims.

—The two fortune-tellers who were patronized so liberally by the aristocracy of the Second Empire, Mmes. Lenormand and Pergola, and the former of whom is said to have predicted to the Empress Eugenie that the 2d of September, 1871, would be as fatal to the Second Empire as was the 18th of June, 1815, to the First Empire, have removed from Paris to London, where they are doing a most flourishing business.

—Compulsory education, it appears, is meeting with some resistance in Scotland. One of the members of a School Board was recently discussing the question with an elector of a Scotch town, who addressed him as follows: "Well, master, and is this Bible true what I do hear—that you gentlefolks is going to eddycate my children whether I like it or no?" The member of the board explained. "Well, master, you say as how they must be eddycated; I say as how they mustn't, and they shan't. I'll drown 'em first!"

—While at Versailles, the Emperor William lost a favorite dog, and offered 200 thalers for its recovery. It was brought back by the Captain of the *Schuetzengilde* of Gross-Bodungen, who was then serving as a Landwehrman. He declined the offered reward; but asked the Emperor to present to his company of sharpshooters at home one of the cannon captured from the French. The gun was at once sent, and on its arrival was received in the village with much pride and great rejoicings.

—Louis XIV. was one of the most remarkable eaters of his time. The Duchess of Orleans, in her correspondence, affirms having seen him devour at one meal four plates of soup, a whole pheasant, two partridges, two woodcocks, two plates of salad, two slices of ham, mutton hashed with garlic, cakes and sweetmeats.

—A lady residing in a German city, which was heavily taxed by the war, writes to her friends that the cost of living is so much increased in consequence, that she has to pay 65 cents for a pair of white kid gloves "with two buttons;" that a new silk bonnet costs nearly a dollar in gold; a cab for two persons to the opera and back, 37 cents, and washing is charged for at the extravagant rate of twelve cents a dozen pieces.

—A large proportion of the British Peers belong to junior branches of their respective families, the parent stock having been left far behind in the race for wealth and position by some talented cadet of the family. A signal instance of this furnished by the new peer, Lord Dalling and Bulwer, and his brother, Lord Lytton. Whilst their eldest brother remained all his life a plain country squire, they pushed their way to rank and honors. Lord Sandhurst, the other addition to the Upper House, is a fourth son.

—The laurel wreath given to Emperor William, on his return to Rhineland, consists of sixty leaves, many of them inscribed with the names of places rendered memorable in the war. Twenty carat fine, and weighing three pounds and four ounces, it is a costly trinket. The band by which the leaves are tied together is of platinum. On the knot are engraved the words: "To her heroic King and Emperor. Grateful Rhineland, 1870-71."

—Describing the march of the Landwehr into Berlin on the Emperor's birthday, a correspondent writes: "One woman I saw with two babes, plainly twins. She wanted to hug her husband; but if she did she must drop one of the babies. A comrade, whom no wife claimed and who was, I suppose, a sort of Landwehrman Brother Cheeryble, genially relieved her of one baby, which he carried with singular address on his left shoulder. The young one pulled the nosegay out of the muzzle of the needle-gun carried on the other shoulder. And so the company struggled on under difficulties, striving to be martial to the last, but visibly embarrassed by family considerations."

—The Greek aristocracy are by no means pleased with the conduct of their King, Georgios Roios. He is charged with being a milksop sort of a fellow, too fond of strong drink, and perfectly happy only when playing with his tame birds, of which he has a great many. In consequence of this predilection of their sovereign, the Athenians say sneeringly: "If he had his wits and had made him [illegible] Stauros, the King would have caught them long ago."

—Claremont, which is to be the residence of Lorne and Louise, is best known as the home of another Princess—the Princess Charlotte (daughter of George IV.) whose brief wedded life was spent there with Prince Leopold, afterwards king of the Belgians. Afterward, Leopold's second father-in-law, Louis Philippe, and his family found shelter here, on their flight from France, in 1848. It was built by General Clive, reports of whose "nefarious doings in India, and of the strange [illegible] by the peasantry [illegible] of the neighborhood into all manner of dreadful stories.

—When the envoys of M. de Rothschild paid the war contributions of Paris, 200,000,000 francs, at Versailles, they let a counterfeit 25 thaler bill slip in among the others. The quick eye of a Prussian official at once detected it and the bill was thrown out. Rothschild's people insisted that it was genuine and must be accepted, otherwise they would return to Paris with all their rolls of notes and sacks of coin. With that official exactness which is the glory of Prussian routine, Count Bismark was at once informed of the misunderstanding. He answered: "Herr Director, accept the bill. I will myself make up the deficit and preserve the counterfeit note as a memento of this great day. A great war about nothing more tangible than a '*Chateau en Espagne*' has just been concluded between two great Powers; and I can't afford, just on the heel of it, to turn around and declare war with the house of Rothschild, the Sixth Great European Power, *on account of a false 25 thaler note!*"

—France will have to pay 5,000,000,000 francs to Germany as a war indemnity. This, in five-franc gold pieces, would weigh 55,000,000 pounds avoirdupois. To transport all this gold by rail, supposing each car to carry 11,000 pounds, a train of 5,000 cars would be required. When spread out on the ground, one touching the other, these five-franc gold pieces would reach almost around the globe. If five-franc pieces enough to make this amount were placed one above the other they would make a column of gold 1,676 miles in height. If this column, having its base in Paris, should topple over in the direction of Berlin, Berlin would be only one-third of the whole distance reached by the coin at the top of the column. A quick cashier, able to count 10,000 five-franc pieces in an hour, supposing that he commenced at the age of 30, would be nearly 70 years of age before he finished counting it, in case he should count eight hours daily for 300 days every year.

—The financial troubles of the Prince de Metternich are ascribed to the ambition of his wife to excel the ex-Empress Eugenie in the splendor of her toilet. To this past rivalry of clothes the sale of Metternich's five Johannisberg estates, and many more prospective sales are attributed.

—The Empress Augusta has proposed to the Emperor the creation of a new decoration for women who, during the late war, became prominent by their voluntary services in the hospitals and their care for the families of the absent soldiers. It consists of a cross of black enamel with a silver border, a scarlet red cross, smaller, with a small white enamelled border being fastened upon the black cross. On the top of the vertical bar of the cross there is a crown, and the number 1870-71 is engraved on the lower end of that bar. It is attached by a black silk ribbon with a white border on the left side of the breast.

—Some persons are so anxious to be remembered after death that they take strange ways of insuring recollection. A London journal relates that Eliza Wragge, an ancient maiden, recently deceased, left in her will a small sum of money to a certain parish on condition that the vault should be opened and her coffin dusted every year. In the event of failure the bequest is to be transferred to another parish. She made sure of the wardens, who are to open the vault, by leaving them enough to buy a good dinner on each return of the cheerful occasion.

—Death is an unusual and life a frequent visitor to the present royal family of Great Britain. The little baby of the Princess of Wales, that so prematurely came into the world, and as prematurely left it, the other day, was the twenty-ninth descendant of Queen Victoria, who has had nine children and twenty grandchildren, of whom only one has died. Victoria's children included five girls and four boys. The Crown Princess of Prussia has seven children—four boys and three girls. One of the boys has died. The Prince of Wales has had three sons and three daughters. The Princess Alice of Hesse-Darmstadt has four girls and one boy. The Princess Helena, wife of Prince Christian, of Schleswig-Holstein, has two boys. What have the [illegible] Massachusetts to say to this effete royalty of Europe?

—The monument in Paris at one time thought of destroying the beautiful column located in the centre of the Place Vendome. They regard it as a symbol of brute force and false glory, and a negation of fraternity. It was erected to commemorate the campaign of 1805; it is of the Doric order, 125 feet in height, with a shaft 12 feet in diameter; it is built of stone, covered with bas-reliefs in bronze, representing the French victories. The bronze was composed of 1,200 pieces of cannon taken from the Russian and Austrian armies. The metal weighs 360,000 pounds; and the bas-reliefs pursue a spiral direction to the top, and over 2,000 figures are represented. When it was first erected the column was surmounted by a statue of Napoleon, which was removed in 1814 and melted down to form a part of the horse of Henry IV., now in Pont Neuf. During the restoration the fleur-de-lis and a flag-staff took the place of the statue. On the 28th of July, 1833, the present statue of the Emperor, by Seurre, was placed upon the column, in the presence of Louis Philippe and the royal family. The original cost of this most attractive work of art was upward of a million and a half of francs. Nothing short of insanity on the part of the communists could induce the destruction of this historical monument.

—When the Marquis of Lorne espoused the Princess Louise, daughter to Queen Victoria, he was generally regarded as a very fortunate fellow. It was, indeed, looked upon as a most advantageous match for a young man of a not very illustrious house like the Duke of Argyle, but equally fortunate [illegible] to wed [illegible] Lorne's [illegible] More was in their eyes [illegible] for a Princess, [illegible] has been said and done [illegible] after etiquette, a wide barrier between the husband and the Princess. [illegible] served on public occasions, [illegible] at such times takes precedence of the occupies, in fact, another and higher [illegible] thereby separating, for the moment, husband and wife. There a respectable writer, describing the dedication of the Royal Albert Hall in London, present at which were the Queen and most of the Royal family: "The Princess of Wales is pretty as ever, her form lar, but to-day most eyes are turned on the figure that follows, all clad in white, with veil and bonnet of white, and a wreath of orange blossoms about her forehead. It is the bride of last week, the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, by whose side walks her brother, Prince Arthur, and not her husband. For to marry a Princess does not make a man a Prince, and royal etiquette thinks nothing of putting asunder bride and bridegroom. The Marquis, looking more boyish than ever, walks some paces behind his wife, stands apart from her when they have reached the dais, and afterward, when the whole party go up to their boxes, he is not even in the same box with her. He never seems to be troubled about it, yet the [illegible] the Cabinet-box is that proud Duke of Argyle, looking down on the curious scene, who would really like to know what he thinks of the social law that ranges his son so far below his son's wife."

LITERATURE.

—One hundred and forty-nine books were published last year in Constantinople.

—Bret Harte will write a poem for the annual meeting of the Cavalry Corps Association, in Boston May 16.

—Swinburne's poem of Chastelard, the first of a trilogy upon Mary Stuart, and the succeeding parts are to be called "Bothwell" and "Fotheringay."

—Lord Chesterfield's letters have been translated into Turkish.

—A hundred thalers is considered by publishers in Germany a fair compensation for the manuscript of a historical novel in three volumes.

—Mr. Morris is publishing a translation of the "Frithiof Saga" in one of the leading magazines. Beside this Saga, Mr. Morris has translated three other Sagas from the Icelandic.

—The so-called Schillerstiftung, in Germany, has a capital of four hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the interest of which is spent for the relief of eminent authors who are in embarrassed circumstances.

—The failure of the Hetzel publishing house in Paris causes heavy losses to George Sand and other leading French authors.

—Sir Henry Bulwer, who is now Lord Dalling, will complete, [illegible] the work on the Life and Letters of Lord Palmerston, of which the first two volumes have already been brought out in England and America.

—Messrs. Longmans have in the press a work by Mr. J. Murray Graham, which, from its title, promises to be one of some interest, viz., an "Historical View of Literature and Art in Great Britain, from the Accession of the House of Hanover to the Reign of Queen Victoria."

—A polyglot edition of the "Kutschke-Lied," a very popular, humorous war poem, has been issued at Bromberg, in Prussia. The little volume contains even the Greek and Hebrew versions of the song.

—Miss C. M. Yonge, one of the most industrious of literary workers in England, is translating from the French the "Life and Adventures of Count Beugnot, Minister of State under Napoleon First."

—A *Kaffir Express* is published in South Africa, in the English and also in the native dialect. One of the early numbers expressed a desire for the coming of a poet who could write songs for Kaffir wedding-parties. The Psalms of David, which are usually sung at these festivities, are found out of tune with the jollity.

—Queen Olga, of Wurtemburg, has written a volume of "Personal Reminiscences of her father Emperor Nicholas of Russia," which will probably be published this summer simultaneously at Stuttgart and St. Petersburg.

—Berthold Auerbach denies in the South German papers that he is wealthy. He says that the reports about the enormous copyrights which he is said to have received for his works are generally exaggerated.

—The house of Emile Erckmann, the novelist, at Phalsburg, was almost entirely destroyed by the bombardment of the fortress. It is stated, and his loss is set down at 60,000. He is reported to be in great grief over a number of favorite books, pictures, and articles of bijouterie.

—Hacklaender has received 7,000 thalers for his new novel, "The Stormy Petrel," from the publishers of the Cologne *Gazette*. This is said to be the largest sum ever paid to a German author for a novel.

—The late Alexandre Dumas is reputed to be the author, or rather to have assumed the authorship, of not less than 900 or 1,000 sketches, plays, histories, biographies, and novels, many of which, however, he did little more than read in the most hurried manner. During the night of his popularity he earned by his own and vicarious literary labor $150,000 to $175,000 a year.

—It has always been a matter of dispute among poets as to whether a refrain or burden added or injured the effect of a poem. While Mrs. Browning and Tennyson frequently use a refrain, and we find it continually in ballad poetry, Browning insists that it is [illegible] a man trying to run with a skipping rope and tripping himself up every three or four rounds.

—A new volume of quite peculiar interest and value is in course of preparation in England, on the Desert of the Exodus, by Mr. E. H. Palmer, M. A., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Mr. Palmer made a careful exploration of the country in the Ordnance Survey of Sinai, in 1868-9, and his work will be the most complete and satisfactory account ever yet given of the Wanderings in the Wilderness of the Children of Israel.

—It was rashly suggested in one of the magazines, some time ago, that it would be a delightful thing to have Tennyson come over here and read his own poetry—but poets are not always their own best interpreters. Tennyson's voice is exceedingly gruff, and his theory of reading poetry is to deliver it with very great slowness and emphasis, syllable by syllable, as if scanning, so that one's imagination inevitably outstrips the tardy reader, and the process becomes very annoying.

—The mother of Miss E. S. Phelps (author of "Gates Ajar"), and the wife of Professor Austin Phelps, of Andover, Mass., was the writer of numerous books. She wrote under the *nom de plume* of "H. Trusta," an anagram of her maiden name, Stuart. Her "Sunny Side," was very popular; but "Sunny Side; or, The Country Minister's Wife," far surpassed it in public favor, selling over 100,000 copies. She also wrote "A Peep at Number Five; or, A Chapter in the Life of a City Pastor." Miss E. S. Phelps' first book, entitled "Ellen's Idol," was published in 1864.

—Louise Collet, one of the most distinguished female authors of France, died a few weeks ago, at Nice (where she had delivered a course of lectures), in her 60th year. Owing to her strong anti-Papal principles, she had not been allowed to lecture in France during the fall of the sham-empire, it required a peremptory order of Prefect Schoelcher to open to her the hall of the Marseilles University, which the ultramontane President of that institution had refused to her. Mme. Collet wrote, during her long literary career, some one hundred volumes.

—The eminent German author, George Gottfried Gervinus, is dead. His two most popular works were a "History of the National Poetic Literature of the Germans," and "A History of the Nineteenth Century," which has been considered as an appendix of Schlosser's "History of the Eighteenth Century." The first-mentioned work is held to be wonderful for the vast erudition which it evinces. His other works are a History of the Anglo-Saxons, "The Characteristic of Machiavelli," "Venetian Art," "A modern German and old Italian Art," and "Shakespeare." Gervinus was born May 20, 1805, at Darmstadt, and died at Heidelberg on the 18th of March, 1871.

—Mr. Sampson Low, Jr., of the firm of Low, Son, & Marston, died March 5, in London, at the age of 45. Mr. Low was greatly respected by all who have had dealings with the publishing house of which he was long the active member. His book on the Charities of London, which has run through many editions, has merits above those of a mere compilation. It was followed by a "Handbook" to the "Charities," from the same hand.

—In a case reported from St. Petersburg, Brassis, Dr. Pichler, a celebrated Professor of Theology, and the Chief Librarian, stole no less than six thousand of the most valuable books from the National Library, the literary department was entrusted to him. In the course of about eighteen months. When it was discovered that a large number of valuable books were missing, the Director of the library issued an order that nobody, without exception, should be permitted to enter the library rooms without an overcoat or any kind of vestment by which stealing of books might be concealed. [illegible] last winter being very cold and the rooms of the library room being not sufficiently heated, Professor Pichler, who is a very sickly man, applied for permission to keep on his overcoat, and as, probably, some suspicion had already awakened against him, the request was granted. From this time the thefts were watched. The first few days the Professor rushed through the rooms, without apparently touching a book. But he, who had believed himself unobserved, [illegible] he concealed a folio under his coat and made his retreat. When he arrived at the ante-room, the usher opened [illegible] one of those heavy furs which form a part of the clothing of every Russian in winter, [illegible] but being in secret understanding with the Director, and discovering in the inter [illegible] some symptom of something wrong, he grasped him a little closer on his body, and at once covered the folio. Brought before the Director, Dr. Pichler at once made a complete confession. Search was made in his house, and upwards of 6,000 books and manuscripts belonging to the library and representing a value of about 15,000 roubles silver, were discovered. Many of the books were packed up in big chests and evidently ready for shipment. The marks of the library were scratched out or removed by a chemical process. The Russian Government treated the passionate book-worm very mildly. He was removed from his chair and professorship and exiled from the country.

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